

YEARLY PART,
NO. 14.

THE BRITISH WORKMAN, 1868.

PRICE
EIGHTEENPENCE.



BRITISH WORKMAN OFFICE—9, PATERNOSTER ROW, LONDON.



THE
**BRITISH
 WORKMAN**

AND FRIEND OF THE SONS OF TOIL.
 1868



DEDICATED TO
 THE INDUSTRIAL CLASSES

BY THEIR SINCERE FRIEND THE EDITOR.



THE DAY
 THE NIGHT
 AS WHO ARE OF THE DAY BE



THE MORNING
 TO LIFE
 OF THE BRITISH PEOPLE



HAPPY IS
 THE MAN THAT FINDETH
 HIS WORK



HIS TENDER
 HIS WORKS
 IN WHICH ARE OVER ALL



LIVE
 ALL MEN
 PERFECTLY WITH



GREAT PEACE
 WHY LAW
 HAVE THEY THAT LAWS

THE J. F. C.
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"May my Christmas gift prove a help and blessing to you!"

GRIEFPRIARS' BOBBY

SEVERAL months ago, the *Standard* newspaper gave a touching narrative of a Scotch Terrier, which for several years past has slept every night on the grave of his master in the Old Griefpriars' churchyard, Edinburgh. The lamb-hearted Curator has even tried on cold and wet nights to keep the faithful creature within doors, but with dismal howling he has pleaded for liberty to rest on his favourite bed. A weekly trust it stood was long allowed Bobby by Sergeant Scott, a generous member of the Artillery Corps. When the mid-day gun is fired at the Castle, the dog punctually starts for the residence of Mr. John Trail of 6, Griefpriars' Place, who for the last six years has kindly given him a good dinner. Bobby, however, never thinks of going to Mr. Trail's on the Sunday, as the premises are closed on that day, but the anxious creature saves a portion of his Friday's and Saturday's dinner for that day. Bobby has his pantry for this purpose, beneath an old tombstone near to his master's grave. The collector who summoned Mr. Trail for payment of the dog-tax, on the ground that he "harboured" poor Bobby, has raised up a host of friends, who have not only volunteered to pay the tax, and thus save the faithful animal from being "put out of the way," but who will take care that his daily wants are well supplied. It will, we feel assured, afford our readers pleasure to have a faithful portrait of this now celebrated dog. This we are enabled to give, through the courtesy of Mr. Gouley Steele, R.S.A., who has allowed us the privilege of engraving from his beautiful painting of the noble "Griefpriars' Bobby."

A WORD ON FAMILY PRAYER

PERHAPS some of you say, "I am so ignorant that it is no good trying to have prayer in our family." You make a mistake there. It is no grand words that God wants, but honest hearts. God offers you his Holy Spirit to help you in your prayers and to teach you to pray. Jesus says, "If ye then, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children, how much more shall your heavenly Father give the Holy Spirit to them that ask him?" Ask God for the help of His Holy Spirit, and you will find that it is far better than all the help that any man can give you.

Chapman stood up, and affectionately stroked the bonnie little donkey's neck, as he replied, "I can't attempt to thank you, Mrs. Ray. It is too good of you to remember us in this way. You little know how timely your gift is, how it has tended to strengthen my hopes and resolutions, which just for a little moment were wavering, and how it has strengthened me at this dreary time to go on and keep faith in God. It's just the best thing that could have happened to me to-day; and you may depend upon it I will never let Gippy feel the loss of his first good master. But how shall you manage without him? It will put you quite out of the way with your garden."

"But I must get some one to begin at once to rent it of me," said Janet; "some one who will put his shoulder to the wheel, and just make it pay, and pay well."

Chapman stood considering for a minute, and then said, "I'm your man, Mrs. Ray. I've not got suspicion of money to begin with; but I've got ready hands, and a strong will."

"And two brave lads to help," added Janet. Upon which Charlie and Alfred, with radiant faces, said, "Yes, we will help, father."

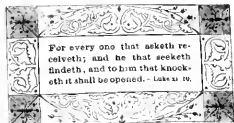
All the while Kate's eyes were glancing with thankful tears, and she said, "O Mrs. Ray, I do

believe your gift has quite turned the tide for us! I am sure things will go smoothly now. After that dear old Janet felt her fortune giving way, and she got up to leave. Making an effort to be gay, she said, "I suppose I must give you a lodging for Gippy, — but stop, no — of course you rent his stable with the garden. Well, Charlie, get your cap, and take your father's property off to his quarters. I'll follow."

Away went Charlie, and then Mr. and Mrs. Chapman tried again to express their thanks to old Janet; but she cut them short, telling them that God for Hs had put it into her heart to make the present.

The weight was lifted from the father's heart. Both at the house of worship and at home the day proved to be a very happy one after all. Gippy and done wonder for them; and indeed he proved to be a great blessing to them, for in after time Mr. Chapman was in the habit of saying, in reference to that day, "That morning was a dark enough one to me, and who can say what might have happened if nothing had come to brighten it? But, as my wife said, 'The tide was fairly turned by old Janet's Christmas Gift.'"

PROVERBS.—Rarely promising, but, if loved, constantly perform.—*William Penn's Maxims.*



NOTICES

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GRIEFPRIARS' PORT, ON THE GRANT OF THE MASTER. Engraved, by permission, from the picture by Mr. Gouley Steele, R.S.A.





BACON, THE GREAT SCULPTOR; OR, PIETY AND GENIUS COMBINED.

A SABBATH-BREAKER'S GAINS

"WELL, well, I don't say but what you are right, and it is certainly very nice and comfortable to have a quiet Sunday, and go to church, and all that kind of thing. But we shall do without working on Sunday, or any day, just now. Kate says it's unreasonable of you to make me a fun about it when we are all so busy."

These were the words of Mr. Taylor, who kept a respectable clothing-shop some years ago, in a crowded street at Poplar. His wife had brought up in the country, and when she married, and came to the neighbourhood of London, she, not being so surprised at her as we young folks might be, spent the Sabbath. She used to say it tired her to look at them telling on week-day and Sunday, with no rest and no comfort either for body or mind. Mr. Taylor was not a religious man, and she did not feel all the sin there is in Sabbath-breaking, but she saw the folly of it, and for some time both she and her husband paid some outward respect to the Sabbath: this was while John Taylor was a journeyman, but when he managed to get a shop of his own and begin in a small way as a retailer, he opened on Sundays, and kept his two apprentices away from the day employed, and when the lads at length got released they went off to some ten-gardens, and spent the remaining hours of the Sabbath in not doing what Mr. Taylor had thought them the youths were weary and stupid, used to be often cross, but he could not speak wisely to his apprentices, for he broke the Sabbath himself, and his wife scolding this, was enough to give him the remark we have quoted at the commencement of our narrative. The business was increasing, and in a few years Mr. Taylor reduced his wife to be as he had, "Above the world," then he would keep the Sabbath.

So, telling early and late, all day, and every day, years passed on; and John Taylor was in a way called "good circumstances." His wife had long been aching and aching that he could give her every luxury she had no appetite, and every thing, even plain bread, would frequently disagree with her—constantly lying in a close shop, taking no rest, and her carriage and all that kind of thing, and she was so weak that there was no enjoyment for her. When her husband talked of his gains, she would feebly murmur, "all I have gained is a bad constitution."

Nor was Mr. Taylor in good health. He set out to find a house in a pleasant country where he could settle down, but some places were cold, and some too damp, and all places too dear. He was at last obliged to give up his shop. And he smelt continually, spending his evenings at a tavern. His mind seemed a perfect blank. When he had told how he had prospered in trade he was nothing else to tell. His money gained him some pretended friends who helped him to spend it,—none that helped him truly to enjoy it. By-and-by it was noticed that he grew sleepy and forgetful. He did not complain of being ill, but he grew stout and heavy. Five years ago he was to be seen down in a chair on to the beach at Brighton, and there he would come ashore, and then walk to babble like a child. "He should never have left business," said one who knew him. "He has nothing to do, and nothing to think of, and his brain is nothing." Was the medical opinion on his case. He was melancholy and morose in his last days. They were very old, but they were both total wrecks. Their relations, who had never been very intimate with them in their former life, now came to see them, and to their lamentation, they were engaged in business. The sweet rest, and the holy change of pursuit on the one day in seven would make as refreshing draughts of new life to them, as constant reeking from the presence of the Lord.

The friends they would have made in the home of God would have been faithful and kind, and would have been glad to do their duties, are likely to be true in all things. Truth, like purity, runs through and renews the whole nature. Our friends are doubly ours when they are true to us, not only the loving blessings of time, but the sweet and enduring hopes of eternity.

But of all this personal and relative good, those poor souls knew nothing. They had struggled on through many joyless years, and these were their present gains—broken health, low spirits, a long and painful life, and a death that was to look back upon contentment no greater than to look upon with gratitude, and no future to dwell upon with hope!

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MUTUAL FORBEARANCE.

The kindest and the happiest pair Will find occasion to forbear; But if animosities that fall, To pity and patience forgive.

But if animosities that fall, To pity and patience forgive. In common to the lot of all. A meanness, or a sense impaired—Are crimes so little to be spared; And those all that to small create The comfort of the world create. Instead of harmony, 'tis jar, And tumult and intestine war. The love that cheers life's latest stage, Which first imparts the flower-decays. Preserved by virtue from declension Becomes more wary by attention; But love, when that exterior grace Which first imparts the flower-decays. 'Tis gentle, delicate and kind, To faults compassionate or blind, And will with sympathy connect, And still it would gladly erect. But angry, coarse and harsh expression Shows love to be a mere pretence; Proves that the heart is none of his, Or soon expels him if it is.

COWLEY.

CHILDREN'S FEET.

LIFE-long discord, disease, and sudden death often come to children through the intemperance, ignorance, or carelessness of the parents. A child should never be allowed to go to sleep with cold feet; the thing to be last attended to, in putting a child to bed, should be to see that the feet are dry and warm; neglect of this has often resulted in the fatal attack of croup, diphtheria, or fatal sore-throat.

Always, on coming from school, on entering the house from a visit or errand in busy season, or in any weather, the child's shoes should be removed, and the mother should herself ascertain if the stockings are the least damp; and if so, should require them to be taken off, the feet held before the fire and rubbed with the hand until perfectly dry, and another pair of stockings and shoes, put on, while the other stockings and shoes should be placed where they can be well dried, so as to be ready for future use at a moment's notice.

There are children not ten years of age suffering with corns, from too close-fitting shoes, by the parent having been tempted to "take" them because of the smallness of the feet, and the price, while the child's foot is constantly growing. A shoe large enough with cold weather, is too small on the approach of cold weather, and the child's feet are consequently cramped, which is more or less of a trouble for fifty years perhaps; and all this to save the price of a few shillings! The mother's shoe should be fitted with shoes without padding, so that the feet should be placed in a corner, of thick woollen stockings, and the shoe should go on moderately easy even over these. Have good heels, and less than half-an-inch thickness.

Tight shoes inevitably arrest the free circulation of the blood and nervous influences through the feet, and directly tend to cause cold feet; and health with the feet is the basis of all prosperity. That parent is guilty of a criminal negligence, who does not always see to it that each child enters the church and school-home door with feet comfortable dry and warm. A provision of very limited intelligence know that, if they themselves, damp feet engender health and life, however painful; much more so must it be to the feet of a child of a growing child.—*Idyll's Journal of Health.*

ALMANACS FOR 1868.

The Third *Star Almanac*—British Workman—*Book of Hours*—and *Annual's Friend*. Price One Penny each.

THE RIGHTS OF WOMAN

"The rights of Woman"—what are they? The right to labour and to pray? The right to wait while others sleep, The right after others cease to weep? The right to be a woman, and to be a man, The right, while others curse, to be a blessing; The right to love whom others scorn, The right to comfort all who mourn; The right to be a new joy on earth, The right to feel the soul's life worth; The right to lead the soul to God, Along the path the Saviour trod— The path of meekness and of love, The path of trials that build up the soul, The path of patience under wrong, The path in which the weak grow strong; Such Woman's rights, and *God will bless*, And crown their champions with success.

REPENTANCE.

"What is the most delightful emotion?" said an instructor of the deaf and dumb to his pupils, after reading them the names of our various feelings. The pupils turned to him, and the slaves, to write an answer; and one, with a smiling countenance, wrote "Joy." It would seem as if none could write anything else; but another, with a look of more thoughtfulness, put down "Hope." A third, with a beaming countenance, wrote "Gratitude." A fourth wrote "Love," and other feelings still claimed the superiority on other minds. The pupils then participated, and the teacher was surprised to find, at her state, "Repentance" is the most delightful emotion." He returned it to her with marks of wonder, in which her companions, and she herself, participated, and asked, "Why?" "Oh," said she, in the expressive language of looks and gestures which marks these mutes, "it is so delightful to be humbled before God!"—*Sunday School Times.*

HONEY IN PALESTINE

"And he made him to suck honey out of the rock."—*DEUTERONOMY XXXII. 12.*
THE Rev. H. R. Tristram remarks upon the number of honey-combs in Palestine, and adds: "The immemorial fables and flocks of the insective races, which everywhere flank the valleys, and in their recesses secure shelter for any number of creatures, many of the kind, Delphinus, particularly in the wilderness of Judaea, obtain their subsistence by bee-hunting, bringing into Jerusalem jars of that white honey on which the Baptist fed his disciples in the wilderness; and which Jonathan has long before us, unmitigatedly tasted, when the comb had dropped on the ground from the hollow tree in which it was suspended. The visitor to the Wady Kurn, when he sees the myriads of bees about its cliffs, cannot but recall to mind the promise, 'With honey out of the stone rock would I have satisfied thee.' There is no spot of the land of promise more true to the letter, even in the present day, than this, that it was 'a land flowing with milk and honey.'—*The Land of Israel.*

JACK AND HIS SAMPLER.

The following letter relative to the engraving of the "Sinner's Friend" for December number, will give pleasure to thousands of our readers. As we were not previously aware of the industrious seaman's son, Mr. Bakfield had been his helper, and we sincerely hope he will be extensively followed. The great advantage of *usefully* employing "leisure hours" cannot be too strongly urged, not only upon sailors but also upon Londoners.

Coast Guard Station, Croyley, Devon,
Dec. 5th, 1867.
DEAR SIR,—I was agreeably surprised to see your Engraving and description of a piece of needlework made by a seaman in H.M.S. "Black Prince," taken from the *British Workman*. I beg to acquaint you that the same man whom your correspondent describes is now stationed here in the Coast Guard Service; his name is Andrew Andrews, a native of Devon, and in addition to the piece of work described in your December issue, he also has a still more splendid piece, called the "Farm-yard," also copied from the *British Workman*; both pieces are now in his possession here, and may be seen at any time, should it be required.

I have always found my *British Workman* and *Hope* for my men, and they seem very fond of them. I have the men's own and has varied THE LORD'S PRAYER lately issued, and the looks beautiful.

I remain, yours very truly,
ARTHUR RUSSELL, R.N., Chief Officer.

THE REJECTED PILLS.

In a town in America, the board of select men who governed its local affairs, that composed of Universalists (or men who contended for the final happiness of all mankind, whether Christians or not), and a phylisophy. They acted through the board in the harmony to the harmony of the town, but at their last meeting it was determined to attack the religious doctor. After they had finished their transactions, one of them said:

"Doctor, we have been very happy in being associated with you the year past, and that the business of the town has been conducted in harmony, and to the satisfaction of our constituents. We have found you to be a man of good sense, extensive information, unblemished integrity, and of the purest benevolence. It is astonishing to us that a man of your amiable character should believe in the doctrine of free punishment."

The doctor replied:—
"Gentlemen, I should regret very much the forfeiture of the good opinion which your partiality has led you to entertain for me. Will you have the goodness to answer candidly a few questions? Do you believe in a future state?"
They replied, "We do."

"Do you believe that hell will introduce all men to a state of perfect happiness?"
"Of this we have no doubt."
"Are you now happy?"
"We are now," we said, "as you are."

"How do you mean, when you are unhappy, and know that happiness is within their reach?"
"They endeavour to attain that happiness."

"Do you believe that I understand the nature and operation of medicine?"

"We have no doubt, doctor, of your skill in your profession; but what has that to do with the subject?"
"In this case," said the doctor, taking a tin box in his hand, "are pills, which, if you swallow each of you one, will, without pain, carry you, within one hour, out of this world of trouble; and, if you practice here, time, place you in a world of perfect felicity. Will you accept one of them?"
"No, sir."
"No, sir, I will not!"
"No, sir."

When they all refused, the doctor said:—
"You must excuse me, gentlemen, from embracing your doctrine, until I have better evidence that you believe it yourselves." This closed the debate.

LANGUAGE OF INSECTS.

A most singular discovery, the credit of which appears, we believe, to Mr. Jesse, is that of the antennal language of insects. Bees, and other insects are provided, as everybody knows, with feelers or antennae. These are, in fact, most delicate organs of touch, ranging of degrees, and serving the animals to hold a sort of conversation with each other, and to communicate their desires and wants. A strong hive of bees will contain thirty-six thousand workers. Each of these, in order to be assured of the presence of their queen, touches her every day with its antennae. Should the queen die, or be removed, the whole colony disperses there—yes, and are seen in the hive and on the person of every one, and getting all the stores of food and honey, which they had laboured so industriously to collect for the use of themselves and of the hive. On the contrary, should the queen be put into a wire-cage at the entrance of the hive, so that her subjects can touch and feed her, they are contented, and the business of the hive proceeds as usual. Mr. Jesse has also shown that this same language of communication is not confined to bees. Wasps and ants, and probably other insects, exercise it. If a caterpillar is placed near an ant's nest, a most curious scene will often arise. A A ant will crawl over it, over it, and eagerly attempt to draw it away. Not being able to accomplish this, it will go up to another ant, and, by means of the antennal language, bring it to the caterpillar, and then it will perhaps enable to perform the task of moving it. They will separate and bring up reinforcements of the community by the same means, until a sufficient number are collected to enable them to drag the caterpillar to their nest.—*Once a Week.*

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"Our who would help." We have sent you to the *British Workman* for the *British Workman*. Correspondents should always give their full address so that if needed we may reply by post. We cannot as a rule acknowledge a letter in our pages within less than 3 months. We cannot return rejected manuscripts.





Sergeant Brett, of Manchester, who was shot on the 18th Sept., 1867.

From a photograph by Mr. J. EANTHAM, of Manchester.

SERGEANT BRETT.

CHARLES BRETT was born at Sutton, near Macclesfield, on the 23rd of December, 1815, and was one of four brothers, all of whom have been public servants of their country. One died in the Indian Mutiny, after twenty-three years of military service. Another died in Canada, after ten years' service there. The third is a pensioner, and has earned his pension by twenty-three years of the toils and hardships of a soldier's life. In 1846, when in his twenty-second year, Charles Brett entered the Manchester police force. His steadiness and sobriety commended him to the notice of his superiors, and in 1852, he was promoted to the rank of sergeant. Four years later he was transferred to what is called the E Division of the force, which is composed of detective officers and officers employed on duties connected with the police-court. Of the tragic secrets and exciting pursuits with which detective officers are expected to be familiar, he had no experience. He was the simpler duty of attending the prisoners of each day as they were conveyed from the various prisons and police-offices to the Court, of bringing them up for examination before the magistrate, and of conveying those convicted to the goal. In the discharge of these duties, by his punctuality, attention, and unvarying courtesy, he won the respect of his superiors, and by his kindness to the prisoners acquired a popularity even among the criminal classes. They spoke of him familiarly as "Charlie," and their familiarity had a rough affectionateness in it. He deserved their gratitude. With many a hungry prisoner he had shared his morning meal. To many he addressed words of remembrance and sound advice, by which some of them afterwards profited.

We all know how he met his death. Although it is really so far back as the 18th of last September, it seems only as yesterday since we saw the lumbering prison-van proceeding along Hyde Road, Manchester; since we saw it, armed conductors and defenders of the van, driven back by men armed with revolvers; since we heard the roar demand to Brett to give up the keys, and the fatal shot that proclaimed that an obscure man had chosen rather to die than to fail in his duty.

The next morning the whole country was thrilled by the story. It was not only the death of Sergeant Brett, but the manner of his death, that moved us. It was felt that a hero had been unexpectedly revealed to us. That he had occupied only an humble position in life did not abate, it increased our admiration. We all felt

what the counsel for the defence afterwards expressed:—"The office held by Charles Brett might be humble one, but the humblest office becomes raised and elevated when it is animated by the faithful discharge of duty." On the day of his interment, all the route to the cemetery was lined by sympathizing spectators. The Mayor and Corporation and the Magistrates of Manchester followed the remains of their faithful servant to their last resting-place. The before-unknown name of Charles Brett had acquired a national significance, and will henceforth be often admiringly uttered as that of one who knew what it was to be loyal to duty even to death.

The inquirer that had suddenly and widely made concerning his character and past history increased the national lamentation over his untimely end. It was found, as perhaps might have been anticipated, that in every recollection of life he had displayed the same conscientiousness which had rendered his death honorable. His widow and children bewailed his loss as that of a tender husband and loving father; and his own father, an old man now in his seventy-ninth year, told how for many years part of his son's hardly-earned wages had been devoted to his support. And the clergyman of the parish in which he resided testified that in this police-officer he had had one of his most regular attendants, and attentive hearers and thoughtful contributors to every charity.

We know not what inscription has been placed upon his tomb, but no worthier epitaph could be devised for him than those which his own last words form:—"Whatever happens, I'll stick to my post to the last." As a Manchester editor has well said, "It was not in Sergeant Brett to make heroic speeches,—it is not often that fine speeches are made in these confused passionate careers of peril,—but Brett was just one of those true simple-hearted men to whom the one thing impossible even to be entertained was—to give up his trust! It was his trust to keep those keys!—and he kept them, and accordingly was shot! Ah! it is not the one thing that we all want, everywhere, a little more of Sergeant Brett's feeling, of the giving up of his trust being the one thing that makes no circumstances whatever could be even thought of! More minute fidelity; more prompt instinctive taking of a stand for what is right and true; more soldierly obedience to our Heavenly Captain's orders! All honour, then, to that brave, simple-hearted man who has shewn us what quiet nobleness of life may be grown in the occupation of a policeman, and who has taught us such a sharp, clear, bracing lesson of stately, unobtrusive faithfulness to duty!" E.

"CLOTHE YOUR OWN BOYS!"

In Leeds there resides a little boy about nine or ten years of age, a Sunday scholar, and a member of the "Band of Hope." Like many more children, however, he has unfortunately had a drunken father. This man, formerly a member of a Christian Church, had given way to drinking dissipation, and by his constant attendance at the public-houses nearly brought his family to beggary. He had been drinking hard for about six months, when, one Lord's day, the mother sent the boy to the public-house where the father was drinking to ask him to come home to his dinner. There was something in the boy's appearance that attracted the landlady's notice. He observed too that he was ragged, bare-footed and bare-legged, his trousers torn and his shirt half hanging out. He took pity on him and asked:

"Whose lad is this?"

The boy's father, who was seated in the room, heard the question, and said, "He is mine."

"Well, said the landlady, it's a pity to see a boy like this in such a ragged state," and he called out to his wife:

"I say, wife, come here!"

"What is the matter?"

"I say, look at this boy here: see how ragged the poor lad is: can't we do something for him?"

"Have you got a pair of cast-off trousers somewhere up-stairs, that belonged to one of our boys?" Just go and see."

The wife went up-stairs and found the trousers; they were brought down and put on, and found to be a good fit.

The landlady then thought himself that there was a pair of shoes also that belonged to the same boy, and he ordered them to be fetched for the same purpose.

The cast-off boots were accordingly hunted-up, and tried on like the trousers, and with similar success.

The father was delighted to see his son thus clothed in the landlady's expense. He was so delighted that, in return for such an unexpected fit of generosity, he called for another pint. The pint was tossed off with an extra relish, and then he went home to his dinner.

Arrived at home, he thus addressed his wife:—"Now, lass, I've heard thee say that we never get anything from the landlady for what we spend. Now, then, see our lad. Just look at him! The landlady's given him them clothes, and he's almost rigged anew; never say the landlady gives us nought, again!"

He then turned to the boy, and asked him how he liked the landlady's clothes!

With tears in his eyes the boy answered, "I like them very well, father; but I should have

liked them better, father, if you had bought them with your own money and they had been new ones."

The boy's answer startled the father. Every word went home to his heart. He was touched to the quick, and stood as one confounded. He declared afterwards that he had attended many lectures, but had never heard anything that took hold of him before like his boy's answer. He vowed that he would, by God's help, from that hour never touch the drink again; and though some months have since passed away, he still adheres to his good resolution, and it is to be hoped that he will do so to the end of his life.

How many thousands of poor ragged lads are there who would soon have new sets of clothes, if their fathers would "go and do likewise"! What a stir it would make in the tailors' shops!



"I should have liked them better, father, if you had bought them."

PROFITABLE. A young farmer, who had made up his mind to plant orchard and young trees, abandoned his first intention and put it off for a time; but before the time came he was laid on a bed of sickness, and was never able to follow out his plan. Another young farmer, who had formed the same design did it of one of children, then lived to be old men—the one lamenting his lost opportunity, and the other rejoicing in the fruitful trees which his hand had planted.—Old Humphrey.

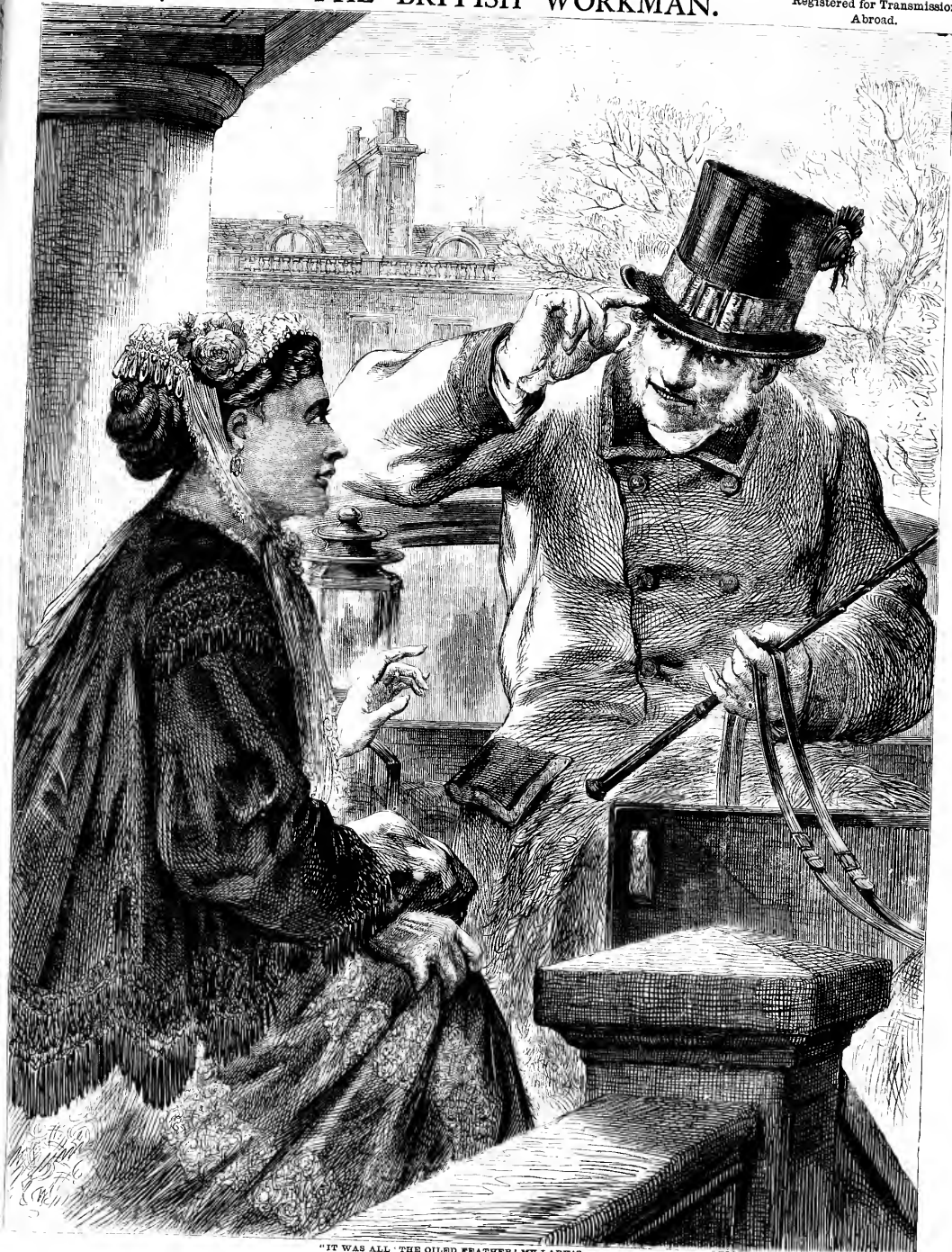
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Put them in mind to be subject to principalities and powers, to obey magistrates, to be ready to every good work, To speak evil of no man, to be no brawlers, but gentle, shewing all meekness unto all men.

TITUS iii. 1, 2.

Just Published. With Illustrations. Price 1s. 6d. in cloth. ANECDOTES OF ABOORIGINES; OR, ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE COLOURED RACES BEING "MEN AND BRETHREN." We have pleasure in recommending this interesting book as suitable for Village and School Libraries.



"IT WAS ALL 'THE OILED FEATHER,' MY LADY!"



THE COBBLER'S BLACKBIRD.

[A Dallad, illustrating how a poor girl (from an association of ideas) was suddenly arrested in a life of sin by hearing a cobbler's blackbird sing, from the upper story of a dilapidated house in a miserable street in London, and was affected by such a deep sense of repentance, that she was induced to return immediately to her mother's house, in a village in Gloucestershire, where she lived for many years, and led a most useful and exemplary life.]

Drove in a dark and dirty street,
Beside a gin-shop door,
There stood a wretched, wretched girl,
With Jack, just come ashore.

The girl was dressed in yellow silk,
With ribbons red and blue;
Oh! she was dressed in every shade
Of every rainbow hue.

And in that dark and narrow street
The sunshine seldom came;
For what was there for it to glid,
But squall wind and shame!

One house alone there was, which like
A giant reared its head
Above the crumbling chimney-pots
And bricks, so brown and red.

And in the highest, lightest room,
Above the nether din,
A busy cobbler lived, and worked
For those who lived by sin.

Whenever the sun shone on the town,
His spires, and domes, and towers,
It oft would send its beams across
To glid his garret flowers.

His was the only, tiny room,
In that dark lane so small,
In which the sunbeams ever came,
To dance upon the wall.

The cobbler opened his window wide,
And hung his blackbird out;
And when the sun began to gleam
The bird began to shout.

The sun shined its tiny eye,
Which seemed a fiery bead;
It hop'd upon its highest perch,
And tuck'd its golden red.

And while the soldier shod the lass
A pretty golden ring,
And while the kins'd him for the gift,
The bird began to sing.

She sat outside the gin-shop door,
And listened to the bird;
It seemed to tell a happy tale,
In childhood she had heard

Jack heard the harp and tambourine,
He called her to the door;
But there she sat and listened, till
He thought her in a trance.

That bird brought home to memory
The visions of her youth;
She thought upon the happy days
Of innocence and truth.

It brought to mind the Master's voice,
Who wrote upon the floor,
And to the erring woman said,—
"Go thou, and sin no more."

Before her eyes appear'd to pass
Her native village scene;
Its groves and fields, its fields and fowers,
The church upon the green.

She thought she heard the village bells
Salute the Sabbath morn;
She thought she heard the soaring hawk
Sing o'er the fields of corn.

She seem'd to see her mother's cot,
With its coverlet of red;
She seem'd to smell the fragrant herbs
That grew beside the dirt.

She seem'd to hear her father's voice
Read from the good old book,
While sitting, on a summer eve,
Within a dusky nook.

She seem'd to hear her mother's voice,
As, at her feet she knelt;
Her eyes began to fill with tears,
Her heart began to melt.

Her swelling tears fell like the rain,
Her heart was beating fast,
Before her level'd vision flared
The future and the past.

"Oh do not weep," the sailor cried,
"Come, have a glass of gin."
"No, no! 'I am ready,'" she cried,
"To quit this life of sin."

Jack heard the fable and the harp,
He wished to get away;
She cried, "Oh, stop awhile, and hear
That blackbird's happy lay."

"Its voice appears to call to mind,
When I was pure and good,
As, going to the Sabbath school,
I heard it in the wood.

"That blackbird in a preacher, Jack,
Whose words I understand;
My father's spirit seems to rise
And take me by the hand.

"That blackbird, Jack, has stirred my heart,
And pierced it like a knife,
And I'm resolved to sin no more,
But lead a better life.

"I long to see my mother, Jack,
For, with a cruel blow,
I turned her flowing tress hair
As white as drifted snow.

"And I'm resolved to reach my home
Before my mother dies,
That she may see me penitent
Before her closing eyes."

She tore the flowers from her hair,
And flung them in the street;
She snatch'd the jewels from her neck,
And crush'd them with her feet.

She travell'd many a weary mile
Along the dusty road,
Until she reach'd, with bleeding feet,
Her mother's dear abode.

No tongue can tell how full of joy
Her aged mother felt,
When, at the bed, a penitent,
Her weeping daughter knelt.

She nurs'd her aged mother dear,
And work'd to earn her bread,
And gently chev'd her jewels in death,
And laid her with the dead.

Before she breath'd her last at breath,
She said, and sweetly said,
"God bless that pretty blackbird's voice,
Whose song restored my child."

Her daughter lived for many years,
And led a holy life,
And was an angel in the home
Of every sick man's wife.

She saw'd, she nurs'd, she read, and pray'd,
And rais'd the dying dead,
And watch'd throughout the long, lone night,
Beside the sick child's bed.

And if you search'd all Gloucestershire,
And every village round,
A nobler, purer, better soul,
There never could be found.

At last consumption seized her frame,
"What grief the poor girl's pain,
They placed her 'neath the churchyard turf,
Beside a stately kin.

And there a blackbird sits and sings
Upon its highest spray,
On every springtime chasing eve,
And every dawning day.

The aged parson of the church,
Who laid her down to rest,
With heaving breast and tearful eyes
His people thus address'd:

"Full many flowers of fairest form
Rough blades have crush'd and torn,
We might restore, if we would stop,
And raise them from the dirt.

"In every soil there is some good
Lies latent in the dark,
If men would only take the pains
To fan the vital spark."

Oh! erring strivers, come away
From haunts of death and sin,
For still heaven's gate is open wide,
And you may enter in.

In heaven's glades, so rich and fair,
There are no rich nor poor,
But all who come to God through Christ
Shall find an open door.

Upton St. Leonards. H. V. J. TAYLOR.

EX-PRESIDENT JEFFERSON AND THE COOPER'S SHIP.

The following was related by one of the parties, the late Charles Shoenaker, a well-known friend of Abington, near Philadelphia:

During the presidential term of Thomas Jefferson, two young men from Pennsylvania took a lease from him of his merchant wall at Monticello, one of the stipulations of which was that the landlord should erect for the use, within a given period, a cooper's shop. The time for meeting of Congress soon arriving, the President had to repair to Washington to attend to his official duties, where he remained a long time absorbed in national concerns; and the building of the cooper's shop was entirely forgotten by him. Not so with his tenants, whose daily wants constantly reminded them of the promise embodied in the lease; and finally they determined to erect it themselves, and charge the cost of it to their landlord. On the return of the President to his mansion, the parties met to settle a long account, which had been running during his absence. The items were gone over and scrutinized one by one, and all were found satisfactory but the charge for building the cooper's shop, which he objected, alleging that he could have erected it with his own workmen. Several attempts were made to effect a settlement, but they always failed when they came to the cooper's shop. The young men became wiser and cautious in the affair; and the parties instead of getting nearer, found themselves at every interview wider apart.

In this state of affairs the father of the young men, who was a mild, affable, conciliating gentleman, possessing some knowledge of the world and its ways, arrived on a visit to his sons, who informed him of their difficulty with their landlord. He repeatedly tried to persuade them to observe that he thought he could effect an amicable settlement in the case. This course was accordingly decided to, and in due time he waited on the President for the second time. He was warmly received, and after some talk, scanned and agreed to, except the charge for building the shop, which, he said, with some firmness, he should not allow for reasons stated. His opponent, observing his apparent decision on the subject, very gravely remarked—

"Well, friend Jefferson, it has always been my practice through life, to yield rather than to contend." Immediately on this remark being made the President's chin fell on his breast for an instant, when, raising his head in an erect position, he observed in a very emphatic manner, "a very good principle, Mr. Shoenaker, and I can carry it as far as I can; let the second time for the cooper's shop be allowed." Thus ended the difficulty, and the parties continued their friendly regard for each other till death separated them. And the celebration of a similar dispute, which took place a few years ago, would terminate thousands of difficulties, and add much to the happiness of individuals, and tend to promote the general harmony and order of society. —*Fraser's Cabinet.*

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A COTTAGE SCENE.

THE beauty of a jewel may be enhanced by the setting. In that noble diary of royalty, "Leaves from my Journal," we read with high delight of how a queen went among the poorest and humblest of her subjects, clothing the naked, feeding the hungry, and speaking words of consolation to the sick and the mourning, striving ever, as we should all strive, to lighten each other's burdens by offices of love.

As we read the diary our thoughts were carried back to the scenes of bygone days;—to Maid, unnamed "The Good," daughter of Malcolin Canmore, King of Scotland, and wife of Henry the First, who was so affable, pious, and humble that she condescended to relieve the poor with her own hands, and tend such of those as were sick. On being confined on one occasion for so doing, as being unbecoming her royal dignity, she replied, "I follow the example of my beloved Saviour, and the precepts of the Gospel. The brightest jewel in the Crown of Majesty is affability and comeliness."

We pass from good Queen Maid to the good, but unfortunate, Anne Boleyn, who provided herself each day with a purse, the contents of which were distributed entirely among the poor, when she happened to meet with proper objects, thinking no work well passed which did not afford her pleasure in the tattered. Impressed with this conviction, she insisted that all her attendants should employ their leisure in making clothes for the poor, which she took care to see properly bestowed.

The lifetime of Queen Anne Boleyn, seated among her lions ladies, fades out, and in its place comes a far different scene.

This scene is not recorded in the "Leaves," having happened long before the date of their gathering. Yet it is all the more beautiful for having occurred in the early days of her widowhood. It is an humble cottage, standing at whose door you may look down on the blue waves of the English Channel as they break and gurgle along the shores of the Isle of Wight. Raise the latch and tread softly. Enter the little apartment. An old man, worn and wrinkled with sickness, lies on his bed. A first nurse fills the room. You look round to see whence the sound proceeds. A lady is seated close to the little arched window, and on the table before her lies an open Bible. She is reading with a hushed voice to the sufferer, and ever and anon she raises her eyes from the book to make some comment, or to inquire into the state of the sick man. The lady is pleasant, kind, and there is no flustering plea, no cringing, nothing to indicate her rank, and yet she is the queen of an empire upon the sick man's heart. Her visit, one of many to the sick chamber is cooled, and blessing and being blessed, she passes from the cottage, and through sunshine and shadow returns to her palace at Osborne.

Speshall is the spectacle of the crowning of a monarch; thrilling is the song of the jubilate as it echoes and re-echoes through the solemn arches of the cathedral; and when the blessing has been asked, and the prayer has been offered up, and the crown is placed upon the royal brow, the heart, in the intensity of its emotion, almost ceases to throb. But a lover and still grander sight is that of a queen passing us, attended from her palace to the hut of sickness and poverty to speak kind words and do kind deeds.

"She hath a pity for pity, and a hand Open to us for healing charity."

and in the blessing of the poor she is blessed for evermore.

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"Nay, friend, thou hast deceived me once, and now, although thou mayst speak the truth, still I cannot trust thee."

HONESTY THE BEST POLICY.

A QUAKER, passing through a market, stopped at a stall, and inquired the price of some fruit.

"I have none, I fear, sir," said the lowest countryman, "that will suit you; my fruit is not fit to eat this morning."

"Thank thee, friend, for thy honesty; I will go to the next stand."

"Hast thou good fruit to-day?" said he to the second dealer.

"Yes, sir, here are some of the finest of my garden. They are small, but rich of their kind."

The man was satisfied, he gave that they were not such as he could honestly recommend.

"Then, thou can recommend them?"

"Certainly, sir," replied the dealer.

"Very well, I will take some."

He carried them home, and they proved not only unsold, but miserably tasteless.

The next morning the Quaker went again to the same place. The man who had sold him the fruit, claimed him as his customer, and asked him if he would buy some more.

"Nay, friend, thou hast deceived me once, and now, although thou mayst speak the truth, still I cannot trust thee." Thy neighbour chose

to deal uprightly with me, and from henceforth I shall be his patron. Thou wouldst do him wrong to remember this, and learn by experience that *he lies to a base thing in the beginning, and a very unprofitable one in the end.*



SPEAK THE TRUTH!

In the body of man one member will not lie to another: the HAND will not lie in telling what it *feels*, the NOSE will not lie in telling what it *smells*, the EYE will not lie in telling what it *sees*, but every member is a true witness to his neighbour. And thus it should be in the body politic of Government and Society, in the politi-

cal body of the Church and Christianity. Seeing that we are members one with another, everyone should speak the *truth* to his neighbour; and such should be the care of those especially as profess Christianity, as to lose their breath, rather than to use their breath in speaking any *untruth*.—JEREMAS.

I ONCE asked a deaf and dumb boy, "What is *truth*?" He replied by thrusting his finger forward in a straight line. I then asked him, "What is *falsehood*?" when he made a zigzag with his finger. Try to remember this; let whoever will take a zigzag path, go *you* on in your course as straight as an arrow to its mark, and shrink back from *falsehood* as you would from a viper. —BARNABY.

Truthfulness is a corner-stone in character; and if it is not firmly laid in youth, there will ever after be a weak spot in the foundation.

When Aristotle was asked what a man could gain by telling a *falsehood*, he replied, "Never to be credited when he speaks the *truth*!"

It is good in a fever, much better in anger, to have the *tongue* kept clean and smooth.

A MODEL MILL-OWNER.

ASHTON-UNDER-LYNE is one of the many large towns in Lancashire which owe their importance to manufacturing industry, and whose inhabitants are nearly all subjects of "King Cotton." Strangers, who visit the place, are impressed by the spaciousness of its highways and approaches, and the air of comfort and prosperity pervading it. Unhappily the public-house and the pawnshop are frequently to be seen, but their outside is seen also; for few towns possess churches, chapels, mission-houses, reading-rooms, schools, and other elevating institutions, in greater proportion to the population. One of these has a world-wide renown, and is probably without a parallel. "Albion Schools," erected in 1861-2, at a cost of £11,000, is a noble building, and has been well used for the advancement of the working-classes. The good sought to be effected by all such agencies is too often neutralised by the baneful influence of comfortless dwellings; and anyone intelligently interested in the welfare of artisans and operatives looks beyond "Institutions," to the "Homes of the people."

Many mill-owners in the manufacturing districts are happily alive to the importance of providing good cottages for the hands and their families. Ashton is highly favoured in this respect. In the neighbourhood of the large cotton factory of Mr. Hugh Mason, to whose munificence and energy the new Albion schools may be chiefly ascribed, there has sprung up a district called "Oxford." Here we find streets so arranged as to give the greatest possible amount of air and "through currents," bordered on either side with wide canterways, flagged with stone, also neatly-finished brick driveways admirably

Be ye kind one to another.

EPHESIANS IV. 32.

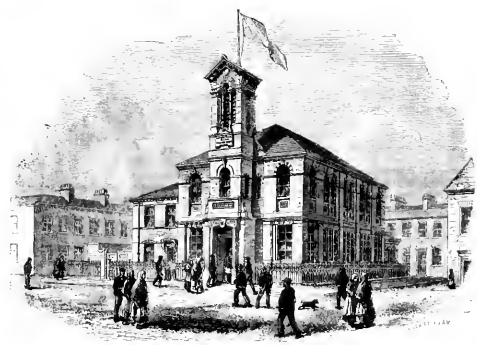
adapted to the wants of the people; each consisting of a living-room, a kitchen, and conveniences for coal, &c., on the ground-floor; two bedrooms on the floor above, and a third bedroom on an upper floor. In the basement is a small but well-ventilated keeping cellar.

The outside walls are built *saliter*, so as to exclude damp, and the partition-walls between the cottages are 9 inches thick, so as to prevent sound passing through. All chimneys are lined with glazed pipes which render the sweeping of them unnecessary. Water is laid on from the town mains to the kitchen and yard; gas is provided in each room; and every convenience which experience has shown to be necessary or desirable has been provided. To such tenants as desire it, a piece of garden-ground is allotted at a small additional rental. Doubtless the large-hearted and benevolent owner does not receive a good return for his outlay in a commercial sense; the rents of these tenements being the same as usually paid in the district; but in the improved health, habits, and morals of his work-people, he must have a rich reward.

A few years ago Mr. Mason gave proof of his care for the *mental* as well as the *physical* welfare of the inhabitants of "Oxford." He erected and furnished a reading-room and lecture-room for the *free* use of his operatives. These were so thoroughly appreciated, that he determined to erect larger premises, and to add thereto a complete Bathing Establishment. This structure is now completed, and is to be opened on Easter Monday in this month. Its external appearance may be judged from our engraving. Internally it contains a well-lighted reading-room, 30 feet by 25 feet; a thoroughly ventilated conversing-room, 25 feet by 18 feet; a lofty lecture room capable of seating about 400 adults; a swimming-bath, 30 feet by 30 feet; nine shallow baths, and a residence for the curate. Hot and cold water are supplied to each bath, and every apartment is warmed by steam-pipes.

The building stands in a square to be surrounded by similar cottages to those already named, and is within a few yards of the factory entrance. Its advantages will be for the factory hands, to whom the baths, and all other privileges are open *free* of charge.

We hope that the good example of Mr. Mason will be followed by many other large capitalists and employers of labour. Those who promote the erection of *great* houses for the people deserve to be ranked among England's truest patriots.

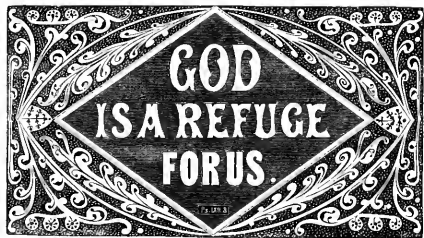


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COLUMBUS EXPLAINING HIS DISCOVERY OF AMERICA TO KING FERDINAND AND QUEEN ISABELLA. DRAWN BY JOHN GILBERT.

THE STORY OF COLUMBUS.

We are great men of reading, or hearing the stories of great men who have faithfully served their generation. It matters not how far distant may be the age in which they lived, or how different from our own the manners of the people amongst whom they grew up, there is a perpetual beauty, freshness and pathos in their lives, which we never weary. We sympathize with them in all their struggles and discouragements; we fight their battles over again; we share their enthusiasm as we watch them living and glowing in the fulfilment of their course, and we stand in triumph when at last we see them shrouding in the top-most peak of their ambition.

Such are our feelings, so we turn once more to the story of *CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS*, the hero of many a boy, and the model of many a laborious, determined man. We know but little of the early life of the greatest navigator who added the knowledge of a new hemisphere to our globe; but that little is extremely interesting. He is supposed to have been born at Genoa about the year 1436. The discoverer of America, and the most illustrious example perhaps on record of what may be achieved by a settled purpose in life, could not boast of wealthy parents. Like many other men of genius he was born poor, and grew up in straitened circumstances. He received but few educational advantages from his father, who was a woolcomber, working in his own shop. At an early age, however, Christopher received proofs that he had been endowed with mental gifts of no common order. He could very soon read and write, and while quite a child showed considerable skill in drawing, painting, and arithmetic. As he grew up and attended the great school of learning in Pavia, his love for these studies increased, and he also took a decided interest in geography and astronomy. In his case, as in that of many others, the child was father to the man; his early life wrote a magnificent prophecy of what would be achieved in mature years.

When he had learnt all that he could in the school at Pavia,—and the knowledge of the present day would be a paragon of excellence when compared with that in which he was taught—Christopher had to look around him and answer the question, "What art you going to do? What means do you intend to earn your bread?" He made answer by going to sea, when he was little more than fourteen years of age. Living in the midst of a maritime city, and possessing the spirit of a courageous disposition which caused him to yearn after a life of adventure, it was only natural that his thoughts should often tend to the sailor's life, and to the "blue water of the sea," so often such a thoughtless and wasteful act with boys, was fraught with the best and most valuable purposes.

We cannot follow him as he sailed from port to port in the Mediterranean, in a craft in which no man in his senses would now like to venture. We have hints that his early life was passed in the midst of dangers and difficulties which would not be without their compensating brightness and pleasure to a youth of daring spirit. But we are told that he was not overcomes by circumstances, and that he continued steadfastly to resist being degraded and drawn down by the brutish and vital superstitions, mania of the fifteenth century. Naturally gifted with a high tone of thought and feeling, and with a strong imagination, he found means for mental culture in the somewhat harsh and uninviting surroundings of a sailor-life. He was diligent, sober, hopeful, and working, and made good his observation. He devoted all his leisure hours to the study of the acquisition of general knowledge, and thus it was with a tolerably well-furnished mind, when he was enabled, by-and-by, to enter upon a work which he never relinquished until he had accomplished it.

At Lisbon, in 1470, we find Christopher Columbus settled and married, and constructing maps and charts to support his views. Here he seems to have first to have conceived the notion, which soon became one of the firmest of convictions, that there was land to the westward. This idea, he destined, after long years of patient and untiring effort, to establish as a fact. He was now in the prime of life, tall, muscular, and of commanding aspect. His hair, light in youth, was now turning prematurely grey; his eyes were anxious and keen; at thirty his hair was white. He was simple and abstemious in his diet, affable and engaging in his manners, and generally gave in his demeanour the first firm impression of the man of God and cherishing conviction before the Court of the King of Portugal. He gave the leading grounds of his belief in the existence of an undiscovered world in the Western ocean, and asked for the means of ascertaining the truth of it. The King referred the scheme to a number of nautical

and scientific men who all decided against it. The monarch, however, believing perhaps that there was something in it, secretly dispatched a vessel to examine the route detailed by Columbus, and to see whether the plan was sound. It was too timid to diverge far from the accustomed track, and they soon returned to Lisbon, only to find that the ship had been wrecked. Had Columbus been a half-hearted man, he would have been overwhelmed by the contempt which now assailed his idea; he was not, however, and he only felt the more determined to try his plan elsewhere. Taking with him his motherless little boy, Diego, he secretly left Lisbon and made his way to his native state, Genoa. But with no greater success. He explained his scheme as he had done before to the Court of Portugal, stated it as his firm conviction that there was land to the westward, and pressed riches for all who would be bold enough to discover this land. In reply the republic laughed at him, and treated his idea as the silly project of a visionary brain. Disappointed, but nothing daunted, he next went to the Venetians, and from thence he received similar treatment.

And now indeed it seemed as if it were no longer any use pursuing his scheme, and he began better to relinquish the idea of planting his foot upon those shores, which as yet appeared to exist but in his own imagination. He was no longer a boy, and he had no longer the enthusiasm of youth. But after relinquishing his hope, and thus time he turned his steps towards Spain. It was a touching sight to see the now grey-headed man, as previously we saw him, he stopped at the gate of the Franciscan convent, La Raxida, in Andalusia, to beg some bread and rest for his exhausted limbs. This convent incident was to be the beginning of better and brighter days for Columbus. The Prior became greatly interested in the conversation of one who seemed fated to be a cultivated man, and nothing daunted, Christopher responded to him his idea of land to the westward. The Prior was struck with the grandeur of the traveller's scheme, and he felt that he used all his influence to procure him an audience of the King and Queen of Spain.

Columbus first appeared before the minister of the navy, and was introduced to the famous Ferdinand and Isabella. Fortunately the latter appreciated the character of Columbus, would not immediately commit himself to his project, but he would not refuse to hear; there might be something in it; it was worth the while of astronomers and geographers would be the first to try to decide. Well might the heart of Columbus be glad, "going to the court of the astronomers and geographers of that day were to be the men to pronounce upon his project. At the appointed time he appeared before them, and in the form of a paper, laid the difficulties surrounding the great voyage from the following description which has been given of his judges.

"The council met at Salamanca. "It was crowded with people of friars, priests, and monks, who monopolized all the learning both secular and religious of that age. Some were men of large and philosophic minds; others, narrow bigots; but all were imbued with the notion that geographical discovery had reached its limits long previously. Before this learned body lay Columbus, a simple seaman, strong in nothing save the energy of his convictions and the fire of his enthusiasm, to show the council the evidence to which they must have appeared little short of the dream of a madman. Objections of all kinds were made to his extraordinary undertaking. Columbus was told to show them the existence of the ancients entertained a belief in the existence of a southern antipode; but a learned monk, in reply, argued in the following terms: "Is there anyone so foolish as to believe that there are antipodes with their feet opposite to ours; people who work with their heels upwards and their heads hanging down; that there is a land beneath the feet of those who are opposite to us; where the trees grow with their branches downwards, and where it rains, hail, and snow upwards? The idea of the roundness of the earth is so absurd, that inventing this fable of the antipodes, with their heads in the air, for these philosophers, having once erred, go on in their absurdities, defending one another. Columbus, replied, pointedly argued that the earth was spherical, like a ball, and that the council receive such a ridiculous notion, and after long consultation broke down without arriving at any decision."

Seven long, weary years passed away, seven years of hope deferred, during which Columbus had applied to other courts but with no better success. At length, in 1492, under the patronage of Ferdinand and Isabella, he was again in the year of waiting, he was permitted to make trial

of his frequently proposed scheme. Three small vessels, only one of which was decked, were placed under his command; with these, and one hundred and twenty men, he set out on his voyage of discovery when he was nearly fifty years old.

He had no sooner set sail than he discovered that the only man who had any faith in the enterprise. The sailors were sceptical and timid, and, as they sailed over unknown seas, soon began to give vent to their fears, and, when these were unsatisfactorily shaken, mutiny broke out. Columbus did his best to quell the discontent of his crew, but to little purpose; and what would have been the result if a few determined conspirators had been his only crew, there would be words to tell. At length, after a voyage of sixty days, the sailors began to look at each other with wonder, and to look at Columbus with mysterious dread. For, strange things began to settle on the rigging of the ships, and every now and then planks and pieces of drift-wood were seen floating on the sea. These things all became more and more mysterious, and a country of some kind, and that the dream of Columbus's life was perhaps about to be fulfilled! At last, while every crew was beating the air, and a sailor who was leaning over the side of the vessel, fished up a customarily-carved instrument and a bunch of reeds, filled with red berries. Soon after this the sailors were so much terrified that Columbus had been no dreamer, and, in the course of two or three days, he landed on the island of St. Salvador, in the West Indies.

We cannot pause to tell of his triumphant feelings, or to follow him as he proceeded on his voyage of discovery. After discovering several other islands of the West Indian Islands, he set sail again for Spain. It was in the month of April, 1493, he was told, and a fine spring morning, that Columbus entered Barcelona. On the city walls and houses were clouds of banners and ensigns, and every ship in the harbour was dressed with flags from stem to stern. Columbus marched through the street surrounded by more than a hundred of the king's troops, and he was brought from the distant islands of the New World, and had survived the voyage, marched into the city, decked out in all their trappings, rings of gold on their fingers, and coronets on their heads, and in procession at last arrived at the palace, where Ferdinand and Isabella awaited the triumphant voyager. Surrounded by a brilliant crowd of Spanish nobles, Columbus was welcomed and honored. The sovereign rose up to receive him, and a shower of applause burst from the crowd. Columbus bent the knee before the throne, but Isabella laid her hand on his arm and bade him rise, and he took his seat among the nobles. He then gave an account of the most important events of his voyage, exhibited his maps, and pointed out the islands and other productions of the countries he had discovered, and declared that all this was but the harbinger of still greater marvels.

After having been thus triumphantly received by Court and people, Columbus, in the autumn of the same year, again set out on a second expedition, and during this voyage he discovered the Caribbe Islands and Jamaica. During a third voyage, he discovered Trinidad and the mouth of the Orinoco, and landed at Paris, on the coast of South America.

On his return home, after thus recounting the splendid services which Columbus had rendered, to see him spending a calm, green, old age. This, however, was not to be, and the old man's last days were full of sorrow and of the justice. He died in poverty at Valladolid, May 20, 1506. Biography, it has been well said, furnishes no parallel to the life of Columbus. One who has been here and there, and has been met with disappointment and injustice; but there is perhaps no other instance of a great man whom disappointment and injustice did not dishearten and disgust; who had his greatness recognized in his triumph, and yet was robbed of the emolument it entitled him to, and who, after his death, had the honour he had so hardly won, conferred upon another. His life, nevertheless, is one of the most interesting and successful which crown crisscrosses of purpose.

"DIP IT UP, THEN!"

A ship was sailing in the southern waters of the Atlantic, when her crew saw another vessel making signals of distress. They bore down towards it, and hailed, and hailed them.

"What is the matter?"
"We are dying for water," was the response.
"Dip it up, then!" was answered.
You are in the month of the American river!"
These three sailors were thirsting, and suffering

and, and fearing, and longing for water, and supposing that there was nothing but the ocean's brine around them, when, in fact, they had sailed unconsciously into the broad mouth of the Amazon, the largest river on the face of the earth. And though to them it seemed that they must perish with thirst, yet there was a hundred miles of fresh water all around them, and they had nothing to do but to—"dip it up!"

Jesus Christ says: "If any man thirst let him come unto me and drink." "And the Spirit and the Bride say, Come, and whosoever thirsteth, let him come, and take of the water of life freely." Thirsting soul, the flood is all around you; "dip it up, then!" and drink, and thirst no more.

ON THE BRIGHT SIDE.

"I AM on the bright side of seventy," said an aged man of God; "the bright side, because never to everlasting glory." "Nature fails," said another, "but I am happy." "My work is done," said the Countess of Huntingdon when eighty-four years old; "I have nothing to do but to go to my Father." To a humble Christian it was remarked, "Dear you are near another world." "Fear it," he replied; "I know it; but, blessed be the Lord! I do not fear it, I love it."

NO SUNDAY WORK.

At the second annual meeting of the Society for Promoting the due observance of the Lord's Day, the Rev. Hugh Stowell stated that at a large meeting which had been held to petition the Legislature on the latter observance of the Sabbath, a leading speaker came forward, and said, "that there was nothing more common than to hear men who were members of the master manufacturers this association, 'If you stop the mill altogether on Sunday, you must frequently stop it on Monday also; because if the engine gets out of gear, it is necessary to stop it, and if required, it must be done on the Sunday, or the mill cannot proceed on the Monday.' Now all these things might be plausible; said the good man, 'but I can prove it to you.' 'Then, said I, 'do you I never stop the mill? I have strove to be struck on the Sabbath. On one occasion my boiler had suffered a misfortune on a Saturday, and I feared the mill would stop, and I was obliged to stop it, and try what could be done. I sent for a leading engineer, and said to him, 'Can you have the mill ready to work on Monday morning?' 'Yes, certainly,' he said, 'but you must stop the mill on Sunday, or the mill cannot work on Sunday.' 'Of course, sir,' 'But,' said I, 'you shall not do it in my mill.' 'But I cannot mend the boiler, if I do not,' said he. I said, 'I do not care; you shall not work in my mill on Sunday.' 'I would rather that my mill stood the whole of Monday, than that the Sabbath should be violated!' The man said, 'You are different from all other men.' I said 'My Bible, not the conduct of others, is my rule; and you must do it without working on Sunday, or I will try to get somebody else.' This had the desired effect; they all rose up, and retired at twelve o'clock on the Saturday night, and began again at twelve o'clock on the Sunday night, and there was no more work, and the mill was in full work, at the usual hour on Monday morning.

BUFFON, AND POOR JOSEPH.

Buffon was always with the sun, and he used often to tell by what means he had accustomed himself to get out of bed so early. "In my youth," he said, "I was very fond of sleep; it robbed me of my time, and I was often very nervous. Joseph was of great service in enabling me to overcome it. I promised to give Joseph a crown every time that he could make me get up at six. The next morning he came to my room, and he begged for the crown, but he received only abuse. The day after he did the same, with no better success; and I was obliged at noon to confess that I had lost my time. He begged for the crown, but he received only abuse; that he ought to think of my promise, and not mind my threats. The day following he employed force; I begged for indulgence—I bid him begone, and he begged for the crown. I was, therefore, obliged to comply, and he was rewarded every day, for the abuse which he suffered at the moment when I awoke, by the crown he received at the moment when he recovered about an hour after. Yes, I am indebted to poor Joseph for ten or a dozen of the volumes of my work."

The Volume of the "Children's Friend" for 1867. Price 6d., 2s., and 2d. 6d.

EVILS OF THE CREDIT SYSTEM.

Addressed to the Working Classes.

By UNCLE DAVID,

Author of "Good Servants, Good Wives, & Happy Homes."

My intercourse with the world causes me to mingle with all sorts of people, and often leads me into the shops of dealers of various kinds. One day, while conversing with a general dealer whose customers are chiefly of the working class, I observed that scarcely any one came to purchase during the time I remained. I asked the articles they bought. A little book was presented by each customer, in which the purchases were entered, and then a corresponding order was made in the book of the shopkeeper. "This is a very troublesome way of doing business," I remarked.

"Yes," said the shopkeeper, "but the credit system has unhappily become so general that there is no carrying on business without it."

"Judging by what I have seen since I entered your shop, I conclude you must have a large amount of debts in your books."

"Yes, you will be surprised, perhaps, to learn that debts, good and bad, reach at this time the sum of £800, all owing by working men, in varying amounts from 20s. each, to £10 each."

"But why should you be very glad to recore one-half?"

"This seems to be a most cautious statement, both as regards yourself and your customers."

"Yes, to myself it is a source of daily annoyance and vexation, and to my customers the occasion of endless evil."

"But how can you carry on business while subject to such heavy losses?"

"I am obliged to put an extra profit on the articles I sell, or else keep inferior goods; and as these must necessarily be sold at a loss, I often find that the losses I sustain."

But whence arises this wretched system of buying on trust?"

"It grows from the impudence of my customers, whose expenditure is almost always in advance of their wages, and who consequently are constantly in arrears. The evil is also caused by the custom adopted by many masters of paying their men fortnightly, of keeping a running account with them, and balancing once a month."

"But how easily might this state of things be remedied by the working classes of their own accord, to exercise a little economy and foresight?"

"Undoubtedly it might; and it might naturally be supposed that a reform for their own relief and happiness would induce this. Yet, besides the per centage they are obliged to pay for credit, and which, whatever may be said against the tradesman for charging it, is indispensable to his own preservation, they often subject themselves to heavy law expenses; and they are tempted besides to all kinds of falsehood, deceit, and dishonesty, either for the purpose of running deeper into debt, or of obtaining payment altogether. But, alas! in numberless instances, intemperance, thoughtlessness, and domestic mismanagement, with an utter disregard of the future, operate in the most ruinous manner, by which they are kept poor and wretched, even with the present abundance of employ, and the high rate of wages."

The evils of such a system must be very great."

"To you, as the well-known friend of the working man, I will speak candidly. I reckon that persons who adopt the *trust system* in the way I have just described, pay from 10 to 15 per cent. extra for all they buy; for, in addition to extra profit, inferior articles, and law expenses, there is the habit of paying which, if it were not for the fact that all their debts put together it will be found that for the sake of credit, the working man sacrifices three shillings of every pound he earns, which, if you reckon his weekly wages at 15s., amounts to a loss of nine pence from nine shillings a week. Surely my families be poor when this is the case. Were the man who has to earn his bread by the sweat of his face, to be kept in this state? Yet it is an error to say that though these consequences of the credit system are so obvious, and must be productive of so much misery to the working man, it is becoming more and more prevalent. Indeed there are many who seem to make debt their very element. They live in it; they regard it as a necessary evil; they scarcely wish to get out of it. If it is true that they direct their accounts, they instantly commence a new account, and their payment is usually a few guineas deeper into debt than before. The disease is chronic, and the patient either regards his case as hopeless,

or he becomes so habituated to it that he ceases to feel the pressure of the evil."

"I have long seen and lamented it as one of the most serious evils that affect society. You are right, the habit of running into debt is entirely a demoralizing system. The man who indulges it, loses by degrees the power to keep a shilling in his pocket; he soon forfeits that self-reliance which lies at the foundation of character. By giving up the exercise of reflection and forethought, a ruinous recklessness of all consequences follows; the power of self-denial is destroyed, and the reins are thrown to the wind of self-indulgence, regardless of whatever may ensue either to himself or others."

This conversation, which was somewhat extended, caused me to leave the shop reflecting on the evils of a system which is evidently spreading, and sapping the foundations of social comfort and prosperity. It occurred to me that within the limits of a short walk there were the mechanics employed in the same works who lived with their families contiguous to each other, and whose opposite habits would give increasing effect to the impression I had received, so I resolved to put one house, the husband and wife in company may be seen on the Saturday evening struggling to make their weekly market, with money in hand, and the same man, at the next market, and to the greatest advantage; from the other wife may be observed, from time to time, stealing out with hurried step, and at ungodly hours, to do the errand of the best of her kind, the various articles which the urgency of the occasion may require in a family which lives from hand to mouth, without order or contrivance, and is bound to exist on the least of cash, the various articles which the urgency of the occasion may require in a family which lives from hand to mouth, without order or contrivance, and is bound to exist on the least of cash, the various articles which the urgency of the occasion may require in a family which lives from hand to mouth, without order or contrivance, and is bound to exist on the least of cash.

On entering the house of the former, after the usual salutation, I said, "Mrs. Foresight, I have just been impressed with the fact that most of the people habitually buying on credit, and as I know your maxim is 'to owe no man anything,' I am glad to learn how you carry this principle out."

Mrs. Foresight replied, "O, sir, it is very easy to do. The difference between a workman who pays with ready money for all he buys, and one who buys on credit, is, that the former pays small, but in another it is very great. A very small sum saved or squandered, and a very slight effort made or refused, makes all the difference between a man who is free from debt and misery. A little makes the difference, but the difference is very great. If you look round my dwelling you will see that it presents as much comfort as a working family can expect; now it is the result of looking after the small, and of self-denial. My husband and I commenced life with a determination to submit to any privation rather than run in debt. He often says that the habit of getting into debt is morally wrong, and economically the most foolish of blunders;—that if he were to indulge in it he should sacrifice his independence, his peace of mind, and subject himself to a bondage which would oppress constant trouble and fear. Of course, therefore, has been always to have something in hand, and something in store. We cannot save much, but we have a little, and we are enabled to keep a house of our own. The consequence is, with cash in hand, whatever shop we enter, we are always welcome, we can buy at our own sweet market, and make the best use of every penny we earn."

Scarcely had she ended, when our attention was attracted by a violent altercation at the next door. Mrs. Foresight looked out from the window to see what was the matter. With some agitation she exclaimed, "Oh! it is, very sad! You know Mrs. Random, at the next door; she buys everything on trust, and now there is Sharp, the Government agent, who has come to see the goods in the house. Whatever will become of the family? I have often warned her against that man, but she wouldn't listen to advice. He goes about with a pack of cards, and is always another at times when idle wives are gossiping and their husbands at work; he carries with him a lot of sherry goods got up for sale, but which have no value, and he is always making a great deal of bargain, dirt cheap; then, when he has hooked his fish, he says, 'If you've no money, it's no consequence; you can have the article sold for you now, by engaging to pay a shilling a week, until the second week, when a woman's name, with the obligation annexed, is entered in his book; for a few weeks the shilling is paid, but not without having recourse to the pawnbroker; then something or other comes across, payment is suspended, a summons to the small debts' court follows as a matter of course, the debt is enforced with costs, and the family becomes involved in misery for weeks and months. Perhaps the husband knows nothing of the debt until the summons is served upon him. In this way poor Mary has got taken in; and now I fear all the goods will be sold up, for the other creditors will be sure to put in their claims."

"I have understood that she has pursued a course of extravagance of goods, and I remain to be seen."

"Unhappily she has," said Mrs. Foresight, "and painfully have her husband and children had to suffer for it. John would have been a different man if he were not so much in debt; but his wife has no management; his wages have been expended he could never tell how; then, by buying everything on credit, at the nearest place, and just when it was wanted, without any regard to the pay-day, she has been continually involving her husband in debt, and subjecting him to all kinds of annoyances. The consequence is, that now they seem to have lost all moral principle, all respect for themselves, and all concern for others, not caring whom they plunder provided they can get into their books, and obtain present supplies and gratifications, regardless of all that may follow in the future. I am sure that if this Mrs. Foresight, I said, 'is a fearful state of things; one cannot think of it but with pity and concern. It furnishes a striking example of the evil of buying on trust, and of the pernicious influence it exerts.'"

"As I knew that my interposition could avail nothing in remedying the state of things at the house of Mrs. Foresight, I took my leave of Mrs. Foresight, after congratulating her on account of the better course she was pursuing, with my mind more deeply impressed than ever with the importance of the precept, 'to owe no man anything.'"

As I returned home, I still continued to myself how truly have I been told, that a very small sum of money saved or squandered, makes a very slight personal effort made, or refused, makes all the difference between a man who is free from debt and misery. A week of time,—twenty or twenty-five shillings possessed in advance, constitute all the interval between them. One effort, and the sacrifice made, and the man becomes worth mentioning, and instead of a man finding all his wife's wages forestalled and absorbed by his debts, and nothing left to supply or present for his family, he has money free in his hand, ready to be employed to the greatest advantage. But then, the effort,—the sacrifice must not be one of a single week; it must not be a spasmodic effort,—but perpetuated with constancy from week to week, and from month to month. Yet, as it is the nature of facts to pass into habits, and habits when good always yield their own reward, this repetition of effort instead of rendering the man more enervated, and more becoming the easier, and increasingly productive of peace, happiness, and prosperity. How important, therefore, that such habits should be early formed,—that children should be taught to economize,—that they should be taught to exercise foresight and industry; how necessary to remove from them all those habits of extravagance, and to teach them to others by fraudulent or deceptive means, and to keep far from their minds all inducement to falsehood, hypocrisy, and extravagance. But on whom do we place the blame? Certainly on parents, and it is because many parents are defective in this duty that there is so much carelessness, extravagance, misery, and dishonesty in the world. As the twig is bent so be the tree inclines.

THE PRISONER AND THE FLOWER.

There is a beautiful story in French of a prisoner, who became exceedingly attached to a flower. He was put in prison by Napoleon, because he was supposed to be an enemy of the Government. The prisoner, Charney (for that was his name) was walking in the air adjoining his cell, he saw a plant pushing up from between the stones. How it came there he did not know. He had been in prison for some time, and he had been very lonely. He had dropped the seed, or perhaps the seed was blown over the wall by the wind. He knew not what plants it was, but he felt a great interest in it. He used to walk up to it, and he would not permit it to interest himself with either reading or writing, he was glad to have a little living thing to watch over and love. Every day, when he walked in the court, he spent some time in looking at the plant. It was a small bush. He watched them as they grew larger and larger, and longed to see them open; and when the flowers at length came out, he was filled with joy. They were very beautiful. They had three colours in them, white, purple, and rose-colour; and there was a delicate silver fringe all round the edge. Their fragrance, too, was delicious. Charney examined them more than he ever did any other flowers, and he never did flowers look so beautiful to him as these.

The captive guarded his plant with great care from all harm. He made a framework out of such things as he could get, so that he could not be broken down by some careless foot, or by the wind. One day there was a hailstorm, and, to keep the tender plant from the pelting of the hail, he stood bending over it as long as the storm lasted.

The plant was something more than a pleasure and a comfort to the prisoner. It taught him such things that he never knew before, though he was a very learned man. When he went into the prison he was an inmate. He did not believe there was a God; and among his scribbles on the prison-wall he had written, 'All things come by chance.' But, as he watched his loved flower, its opening beauties told him that there is a God. He felt that none but He could give such beauty to a flower, and that flower had taught him more than he had ever learned from the wise men of the earth.

The cherished and guarded plant proved of great service to the prisoner. It was the means of his being pardoned, and he was set free. The prisoner, an Italian, whose daughter came to visit him. She was much interested by the tender care which Charney took of his plant. At one time, when the prisoner was very ill, Mrs. Charney felt very sad. He wished that he could take up the stones around it; but he could not without permission. The Italian managed to see the prisoner's daughter, and to tell her about it, and permission was given to Charney to do with his plant as he desired. The stones were taken up, and the earth was loosened, and the flower was soon as bright as ever again.

Now the Emperor thought much of flowers. It is said that he admired 'the purple of her petals, the delicate, imperal purple of her robe, and that the perfume of her ambrosia was pleasanter to her than the flattery of her attendants.' She, too, had a cherished flower,—the rose of Sharon,—that she had brought from her home, and she had planted it in the West Indies. This had been planted and reared by her own hand; and, though its simple beauty would scarcely have excited the attention of a stranger, it became to her all the rare and brilliant flowers that filled her hot-houses. She thought much of the prisoner that took such care of his one flower. She inquired about him, and she was so kind, she persuaded the Emperor to give him his freedom. And when Charney left the prison, he took the plant with him to his home; for he could not bear to part with it, and he was so kind, he cheered him in his lonely prison-life, taught him such lessons of wisdom, and was at last the means of setting him free.

Now, perhaps, you say that the seed of this flower got into the prison-yard, and took root in the earth between the stones by chance, and that this was all very lucky for the prisoner. That is not so. Nothing comes by chance. God sent that seed there, and made it lodge in the right place for it to grow. He sent it to be the means of good to the poor prisoner. Little did Charney think, when he saw that tiny plant first appear, that it would be so useful to him; yet God would free him from prison, and what was better, deliver him from his infidelity.

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"You see, sir, my husband cannot come here to wash himself without seeing the words of God."

A THOUGHTFUL WIFE.

I went into a room the other day, in the East of London to inquire after the family of a working man. The husband was from home, but the wife manifested by her conversation the deep interest which she felt in the spiritual welfare of her husband. While speaking she took a candle from the table and conducted me to the side of the room, and there showed me where she had displayed some text of Scripture "over a wash-stain." She then said with much earnestness—

"You see, sir, my husband cannot come here to wash himself without seeing the words of God."

REV. W. TILLEN.

* These "Silent Monitors"—with texts for every day of the month, issued by the Religious Tract Society, and the Dublin Tract Repository, &c.—may be had through any bookseller.

"HOW TO ADORN YOUR COTTAGE."

During the past trying winter, I called one day to see a poor family who had recently been in a great deal of trouble. The husband and father was a coal-heaver, and had constant work when in health, for he was a sober, steady man, industrious out, and good to his wife and family at home. I had lost sight of them for nearly two years; but lately the wife called upon me, to tell me of her present state, and of her winter's troubles. Her husband had met with an

accident, and been laid up for some time; the consequence was that they had been brought to the verge of utter destitution. The poor wife seemed so spent with want and trouble, that she had scarcely strength to tell me her sad tale. I at once went to see their condition at home. The husband was now able to be at work again; and the wife was sanguine that they would be "all right in the spring." In their "best room" which was poor, but clean, I noticed quite a number of gay pictures in gilt frames. Some of them were Scripture subjects; and though they were all of a cheap kind, they made the little room look very pretty and bright. "How did you manage to get such an array of pictures?" I asked.

"Oh, John managed to get 'em, ma'am, when he was in regular work; he saved up his odd pence instead of spending 'em in beer and tobacco. Some of 'em he framed himself; 'tis so fond of pictures, and so proud of these."

"That's right," said I. "How much better it is to spend 'odd pence' in making home pretty and comfortable, than in spending them on useless and hurtful things!"

On the same day I went into another cottage, the walls of which were adorned with the same kind of pictures, all arranged with great care. The good wife took me round to examine each

one separately, while she made remarks and explanations. Among them the *British Workman's House* had a place. It was prettily "got up," with a coloured border round it, and looked as if framed. In answer to my question, "How did you manage to get all these pretty pictures?" the answer was that her husband had saved up the money in a "Penny Bank." Here again was the fair fruit of saved pence. Are there not thousands of homes bere of decorations, and even of common comforts, simply because useful pence are squandered at the public-house? S. N.

THE SWEARER'S WAGES.

It is very sad to hear men swear. It is sadder still to hear little boys. There was once a man in a coach who swore very much. Some one in the coach at length said, "My good Sir, you will much please the company if you will only swear in *Hebrew*!" The man felt at once that he was doing wrong, and ceased to swear altogether.

But I wish now to tell you of another case.

A young man was using very bad words. A kind good man came up to him and said—

A.—What *rops* does Satan allow you for swearing, young man?

B.—What do you mean?

A.—I mean that I say: Do you have high or low wages?

B.—I don't get any wages.

A.—From the manner in which you pour out oaths, your wages must be very high.

B.—Well, they are not.

A.—So I see, and allow me to tell you that you work cheap, very cheap, cheaper than any person I ever heard of. I never knew anyone having such miserable wages for so much work.

B.—There is something in what you say, and I will—

A.—Yes—yes—there—something—cheap work, cheap work, I tell you. Just look—you lay aside the character of a well-bred man and gentleman; you injure the feelings of your best friends, and in fact cause pain to all civil people who hear you swear; you dishonour the name of your Maker; and run the risk of losing your precious soul, and *all for nothing*. Young man, I tell you, you work for a hard master—and you work cheap—very cheap indeed.

The young man was rebuked, and expressed his thanks. I hope he ceased to swear after that.

THE SILVER CUP DESTROYED AND RESTORED.

In Dr. Brown's work on the Resurrection, there is a beautiful parable from Halley.

The story is of a servant, who, receiving a silver cup from his master, suffers it to fall into a cask of *opos* water, and seeing it disappear, contends in argument with a fellow-servant that its recovery is impossible, till the master comes on the scene and infuses salt-water, which precipitates the silver from the solution, and then, by melting and hammering the metal, he restores it to its original shape.

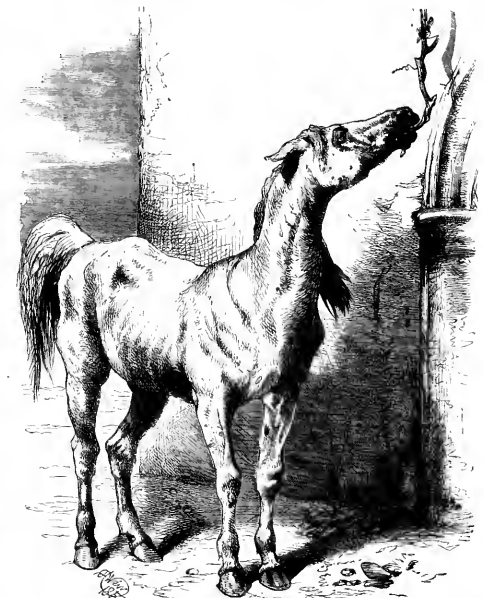


With this incident, a sceptic—one of those great stumbling-blocks was the resurrection—was so struck that he ultimately renounced his opposition to the Gospel, and became a partaker of the Christian hope of immortality.

THE OLD HORSE'S APPEAL.

"Once upon a time, a king who wished justice to be done to all his people had a bell put up, so that any one who was injured by another might ring it, when the king assembled the wise men, that justice might be done. From long use, the lower end of the rope was worn away, and a piece of wild vine was fastened on to lengthen it. "It so happened that a Knight had a noble horse, which had served him long and well, but having grown old and useless, was meanly and cruelly turned out on the common to take care of himself. Driven by hunger, the horse began biting at the vine, when the bell rung out loud and clear; and, lo! the wise men assembled, and finding that it was a poor half-starved horse that was sounding the call, and thus asking for justice, though he knew it not, examined into his case, and decreed that the Knight, whom he had served in his youth, should feed and care for him in his old age."

"And the king confirmed the decree, adding to it a heavy fine if the Knight neglected his duty to the faithful animal."



THE OLD HORSE'S APPEAL.

From Mary Howitt's illustrated book "Our Four-footed Friends."





AFRICAN PRINCE. DRAWN BY H. ANELAY.

[A Portrait of Lord Dsougan (life size) will appear in the next number.



"ALL THY WORKS PRAISE THEE, O GOD."

SILENT TEACHERS.

"What! another flower, Tom; is not your window full already?"

"They don't eat nor drink, bless 'em, and it does me and my wife good to look at 'em." It was but a passing bit of conversation that I heard, and yet it set me thinking. The man with the flower-pot in his arm was a rough—no, I shall not say "rough"—he was a sturdy son of toil, and I was anxious to hear his fervent blessing on the flowers. His acquaintance, who had expressed surprise at another flower in Tom's possession, had pulled a short pipe out of his mouth when he spoke, and no doubt his hose of tobacco cost him much more than Tom's love of flowers. Then as to the girl. The sunder would gain a dry, hot mouth, a foul breath, yellow teeth, sallow skin, dull eyes, drowsiness and headache—that's what his pipe would do for him, even if he did not drink. But Tom with the flower would refresh his eyes with its bloom, and his smile with its sweetness, and he would adorn his window with its beauty, and gladden his wife and his children by bringing them such a pretty gift. What innocent delight would they all feel in looking at it? And more than all that, they would learn something from the flower. It would tell them of the wisdom and love of God; how He sent these beautiful flowers into the world to please the eyes of man.

"To comfort man, to whisper hope
When his faith grows dim,
For who so cherish for the flowers
Will do much more for him."

I think flowers teach me more and order. The wife and children like to have a clean room, and that the flower, in its purity and grace, may not sully the window of that humble dwelling that he feels that he has an ornament in his dwelling similar to that which a rich man chooses as the best embellishment of his drawing-room. The cottage and the mansion differ very much in their structure and in furniture; not one article of furniture may at all resemble the other, but a pretty flower, carefully watered and tended, often blooms as well in a cottage as in a palace window.

I know a little bit of a cottage outside a town. It stands in a nook by the roadside, and has no view but that of a yard where carts are kept; but in the window of that humble dwelling there are some cushions. They make a pretty screen, that shuts out all ugly sights, and shuts into the room graceful drooping blooms, hanging like jewels among the green leaves. The floor of the door is of red brick, and so are the steps outside. The door is that I notice as I pass how clean are those bricks, and what a glow of warmth and comfort they present! And the wooden chairs are bright, and so are the brass candlesticks over the mantelpiece. That clear window, with its lively dashing flowers, at which people look as they pass by, has given to the dwellers in that cottage an honest pride in their dwelling; the flowers have

brought their own purity with them, and taught it to their owners. And when little John May learn to take care of flowers, and have one of their own given them, I think they come to be destructive and careless. They know that rough handling or neglect will injure and kill their flower; so their hands learn gentleness of touch, and they grow careful of their favourite. Once conquer the thoughtlessness and roughness of a child or boy by giving them something to take care of and attend to, and you have put them in the way of being diligent and useful.

I remember one evening meeting, in the Harrow-road, a working woman whom I knew. She had her baby in her arm and a big bundle beside her, and she was hurrying on so fast that I said, with some concern, as I passed her, "Miss Gibbs, is anything the matter that you are in such haste?"

"Nothing, please; but I have the front of our house painted done, and I forgot to tell the boys not to hurt one bit of it."

Of course I did not detain her by my further remark; but two days afterwards I walked past her house, and looked with some interest at the renovated front; and there was the front of my wife, and Mrs. Gibbs was cleaning her parlour window, on the all of which was a box of mignonette. "So the workman did not injure the ivy, Mrs. Gibbs," I said.

"Oh dear, if he had, I should have been sorry, for my husband brought that root of ivy from the side of the church where we were married. I've had some trouble to take care of it to make it grow in this street, but it's safe now."

Ah! the ivy branch told to the husband and wife the story of their wedded love. In its ever-green foliage it gave them a symbol of what true love should be—dying and undying; it was to them both a teacher and a memorial.

And so, when a husband or father brings home a little plant, if it is not a half-penny daisy-root, he is careful of it. His hand, that so tenderly carried the little flower, will have a tender touch for the human flowers in his dwelling. His eye, that sees and feels the beauty of God's world, will be sure to dwell lovingly on the little potter that clasp his knee. He will be careful and kind; for none but the careful and gentle can have a great love for flowers.

Happy is the wife who helps her husband in his love of flowers, and who hears with a joyful heart her children say, as they look out on a summer's night for their father's return, "Here he comes mother! ah, oh dear, he has such a nice flower, such a pretty one, in his arm." Do you see, my mother?

This is the greeting; these are the eloquent joys that may be had in the British workman's home, and of which flowers are the best sweet teachers.

RELIGIOUS BOOKS AMONG THE PEOPLE.

"He," said the great Daniel Webster to a friend, "religious books are not widely circulated among the masses of the United States, and the people do not become religious. I do not know what is to become of us as a nation." And the thought is one to cause solemn reflection on the part of every patriot and Christian. If truth be not diffused, error will be; if the Word of God be not known and received, the devil and his works will gain the ascendancy; if the evangelized volume does not reach every hamlet, the pages of a corrupt and heathen literature will be the only teachers of the Gospel in the land, and through the length and breadth of the land, aarchy and misrule, degradation and misery, corruption and darkness, will reign without mitigation or end.

GOOD ADVICE.

Is the morning the mind is easiest; the temptations of the day have not beset you; the duties of the day have not filled your mind and begun to vex you. Before you go to the duties of the day, to its cares and anxieties and temptations, begin the day with prayer. Temptations you certainly will meet; trials of virtue and patience will overtake you; and many times before night you will need the aid of your Father to shield you. Go to Him, and ask His counsel to guide you. His power to uphold you. His presence to cheer you. His spirit to sanctify you. Then will you have done what is equivalent to half the duties of the day, when you have thus engaged His care and assistance. And when the evening comes, when you have done with the duties of the day, the body is wearied, and the mind is pained, when the world is about you by the shades of night, when you come to look back and review the day, when you see how many delicacies have marked it, how many imperfections still cluster about you, how many sins state you in the face, how little you have done for yourself or for others, or for God, the day past, this is the hour of prayer. It will be sweet to feel that you have done what you can, and that you will hear your One who is patient, and ask in the name of Jesus Christ: One who will accept your evening as a gift, and give you strength for the morrow, and give you His righteousness. Think of the day, if rightly improved, will be like the cheering countenance of a most beloved friend. Take care that nothing comes between you and these hours devoted to God. "Think of the Duke, the prime minister of Persia, with the affairs of one hundred and twenty provinces resting on his mind, yet finding time to go 'into his chamber, three times a day, that he might pray and give thanks to God.' Think of Alfred, with the cares of a monarchy; of Luther, buffeted by the storms of Papal wrath; of Thornton, encompassed with all the harassing, mercenary engagements, yet never allowing the duty of his faith to be forgotten in his regular hours of devotion."—*Four Tables, Student's Guide.*

THE PRODIGAL SON.

A spell of love passed over him, he awoke, Not as the babe who had been sleeping long. Of his fond mother, and his kind, and true, The grievous yoke of Sin—his early bliss, Sensual like some broken urn, yet fragrant still, Though maimed and stained with over-marteting ill.

A spell of love had found him, though afar In desert countries he had wandered long, Until he came and set his guiding star, And Satan's banishes restles seemed, and strong.

Yet had a dream of gentle home life came Through the dull sleep of sin, and he awoke, He communed with the love of early years; He talked with memories all sweet and pale; Oh, 'twas a spell of love's no healing balm, But thoughts all told for the poor and frail, Cried over him, and graciously gave him, "His Father's house" to the lost Prodigal.

"His Father's house" of tenderness and love; His Father's board, of bountiful supply; There are his harlequins carved for, whilst I rove; A son, yet seeking in my penury— And I have not graven my Father's love.

And the poor sinner rose, a child of grace! God of all grace, still waiting by the spell Which draws the sinner from the paths of death; Opening in desert lands a guiding well Of holy mercies, in living faith, O call each Prodigal, and he'll be true, With thoughts of home and of his Father's love! J. C. Gordon.

LORD METCALFE'S TESTIMONY.

It is my duty the happy man you suppose me to be, I will tell you as far as I know myself, the secret of my happiness. I live in a state of fervent and inconstant gratitude to God for the favours and mercies which I have experienced throughout my life. I am so feelingly so strong, that I often overflow in tears, and do not repress that I do not think that any misfortune could shake it. It leads to constant devotion and firm confidence. I am not free from those temptations and doubts which, in the weak temper of man is subject, I am grieved by that feeling against my lasting depression.—*Lord Metcalfe (Life by Kaye).*

FOUNDER, THE GREAT GARDENFR.

LORNO, the landscape gardener, was a man possessed of an extraordinary working power. The son of a farmer near Edinburgh, he was early inclined to work. His skill in drawing plans and in making sketches of scenery induced his father to train him for a landscape gardener. During his apprenticeship, he sat up two whole nights every week to study; yet he worked harder during the day than any fellow-labourer. During his studies, he learned French, and before he was eighteen, translated a life of Alesius from the English into French. He was so eager to make progress in life, that when only twenty, while working as a gardener in England, he wrote down in his note-book, "I am now twenty years of age, and perhaps a third part of my life has passed away, and yet what have I done to benefit my fellow-men? An annual reflection for a youth of only twenty. From French he proceeded to learn German, and rapidly mastered that language. He now took a large farm for the purpose of introducing Scotch improvements in the art of agriculture, and soon succeeded in realising a considerable income. The Continent being thrown open on the cessation of the war, he proceeded to travel for the purpose of observation, making sketches of the systems of gardening in all countries which he afterwards introduced in his historical treatise on his laboratory, "Encyclopedia of Gardening." He twice repeated his journeys abroad for a similar purpose, the results of which appeared in his Encyclopedia; perhaps amongst the most remarkable works of their kind, and distinguished for the accuracy and wisdom of the facts which they contain, all collected by dint of persevering industry and labour, such as has rarely been equalled.—*From "Squire's Self-help."*

SAVES.

SAVES have become so common here that there is much exposure to danger from them, but business men are to be found without them. But the best and most-to-be-approved save we have read of is that which is referred to in the following anecdote from "Zemphur." "When Demetrius had captured the city of Megara, and the property of the inhabitants had been entirely pillaged by the soldiers, he recollected that Philop, a philosopher of great reputation, who sought only the retirement and tranquillity of a studious life, was among the number. Having sent for him, Demetrius asked him if he had anything during the pillage. "No," replied the philosopher, "my property is safe, for I rely only on my mind."

OLD HUMPHREY'S ORAVE.

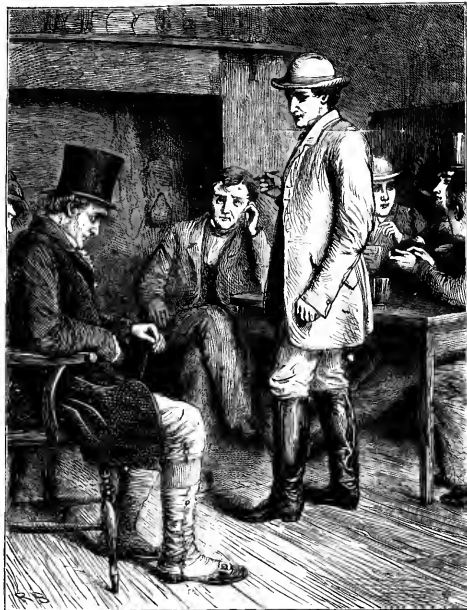
WE went yesterday to see old Humphrey's grave, in Hastings churchyard. The back of the tombstone is inscribed all over in a characteristically English form, the following epitaph for the old man, "autographs," though perhaps fortunately for the sake of clearness, the rain has been obliterated much of them. Some have obliterated a few lines of poetry, but their names, the most distinct of which I copied.

"My my last and I like to think,
I will try death be mine alone;
My I will give by some good grace,
The body and the soul together,
Till called like thee to the same shore,
I join to praise thee here."

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"Well, my old gentleman, what think you of these things?"

CHIEF-JUSTICE MARSHALL.

A GENTLEMAN was once travelling in Virginia, and, about the close of the day, stopped at a wayside inn to obtain refreshments and spend the night. He had been there but a short time before a plain old man alighted from his gig, with the apparent intention of becoming his fellow guest. Concerning him to be one of the honest yeomanry of the United States, the courtesies of strangers passed between them, and they entered the inn. It was about the same time that an addition of three or four young gentlemen was made to their number, some, if not all of them, members of the legal profession. As soon as they became conveniently accommodated, the conversation was turned by one of the latter on an eloquent harangue that had that day been delivered at the bar. It was repeated by another that he had heard, the same day, a degree of eloquence no doubt equal to it, but it was from the pulpit. Something like a sarcastic rejoinder was made to the eloquence of the pulpit, and an able and warm altercation ensued, in which the merit of the Christian religion became the subject of discussion. From an orthodox unitarian, the young champion wielded the sword of argument, adding with ingenuity and ability everything that could be said *pro* or *con*. During this protracted period, the old gentleman sat with all the meekness and modesty

of a child, as if he was adding new information to the stock of his own mind; or, perhaps, he was observing, with a philosophic eye, the faculties of the youthful mind, and how new energies are revealed by repeated action; or, perhaps, with patriotic emotion, he was reflecting upon the future destinies of his country, and on the rising generation upon whom these future destinies must devolve; or, most probably, with a sentiment of moral and religious feeling, he was collecting an argument which (characteristic of himself) no art would be "able to check, and no force to resist." On one of the young men remarking that it was impossible to combat with long established prejudices, he whistled around, and, with some familiarity, exclaimed:—

"Well, my old gentleman, what think you of these things?"

"If," said the traveller, "a streak of vivid lightning had at that moment crossed the room, the amazement could not have been greater than it was with what followed."

The most eloquent and unanswerable appeal was made, for nearly an hour, by the old gentleman, that he ever heard. So perfect was his recollection, that every argument urged against the Christian religion was met in the order in which it was advanced. Hume's sophistry on the subject of miracles, was, if possible, more perfectly answered than it had already been done

by Campbell. And in the whole lecture, there was so much simplicity and energy, pathos and sublimity, that not another word was uttered.

"An attempt to describe it," said the traveller, "would be an attempt to paint the sublime." It was now a matter of curiosity and inquiry who the old gentleman was. The traveller concluded that it was the preacher from whom the plaudits of eloquence were heard—but no, it was the celebrated Chief-Justice Marshall!

LIFTING UP A TESTIMONY.

In the busy haunts of men and the noise of traffic and the excitement of barter, there is often an entire forgetfulness of Christian duty and neglect of heavenly precept. Yet it is in the times when people congregate, even for trade, that we should remember, as Christians, not only to avail ourselves of an opportunity to lift up a testimony for the Lord, but to obey a command. We are told in the Holy Scriptures, not only that the words of God's commands shall be in our hearts (*Deut. vi. 6*), but that we are to be constant, in private and in public, in teaching them: "Thou shalt diligently teach them to thy children, and shalt talk of them when thou sittest in thine house, and when thou walkest by the way, and when thou liest down, and when thou puest up, And thou shalt bind them for a sign upon thine hand, and they shall be as frontlets between thine eyes. And thou shalt write them upon the posts of thy house, and on thy gates."

Nothing can be more direct, minute, or comprehensive than these directions. The pious Israelite, under the old dispensation, doubtless obeyed the injunction; his children, servants, friends, and the stranger within his gates, were thus all instructed and encouraged in the ways of godliness. If under the law there was this faithfulness of testimony and teaching, what ought not to be our diligence under the Gospel! We who have the sweet lessons of a Saviour's love to unfold, how earnest should we be to "sow beside all waters!" Under this sweet constraint of pity for fellow-sinners, it was thought right by Mr. Smith, the Secretary of the Leeds Young Men's Christian Association, to set up in the Vicar'scroft, in that populous town,



"YOUR POINT OF VIEW, AND MINE."

"It is with much regret that we feel obliged to appease your wishes, but I have little doubt that were you living in this house, you would agree in our conclusions." These words were addressed by a lady to her neighbour in the adjoining house, who had requested the removal of a tree that hid a very pretty view from her drawing-room window. The tree stood in the corner of the lady's garden; behind it, on the opposite side of the valley, rose a picturesque range of Chalk Downs; and between the Downs lay a Coomb or narrow valley, which would have formed a very pretty view, but was quite hid from the drawing-room window when the tree was in leaf. The lady who desired the removal of the tree, asked her neighbour to come and see how much it interfered with her view. She did so, and candidly avowed that for the substantial of the house it would be better if the tree were not there; and she promised to consult her husband about it, which she accordingly did. The following day she wrote to her neighbour to say, after due consideration, and with every wish to be kind and neighbourly, they yet found they could not part with the tree; for it concealed from their view an ugly brick building, and a formal railway cul-de-sac, and concluded her note with the sentence above quoted.

This little incident made me think whether it would not be well if we all tried to look at things more from the *same* house as our neighbour; it would check many a harsh sentiment. The tree that obscures a part of our beautiful view, and



Stall of the Young Men's Christian Association, The Vicar's-croft Market, Leeds.

a stall where God's holy Word, and books, tracts, and periodicals, in harmony with the spirit of the teachings of that Word, might be sold. The place is used as a market, and the time when the greatest concourse assembles is the Saturday evening, and then, from six to eight o'clock the stall is open, so that amid the clamour of buying and selling, and all the hurry of busy humdrum life, like a fountain in the desert, there is a place where refreshment for the soul may be obtained, where the weary eye may rest on blessed testaments, through the grace, to make the beholder wise unto salvation.

It was a good thought, and it has been well carried out, and so far, successful. It is a hint suggestive to others, and may, we believe, be means of great good. Those who know by what various means the Lord works in arresting sinners, will look with hallowed expectation for a blessing on this effort to spread the knowledge of His truth. At all events, if those under the Massie dispensation were enjoined to lift up a testimony at all times, and in all places, the Christian must not be less diligent; "for a greater than Moses is here."

that we long to remove, is a delight and comfort to our neighbour, in hiding from him some unpleasant object. Who sees it from one point of view, he sees it from another. What we continually forget is to look at it from our neighbour's point of view. If we would go to his house, we should see the use it was to him, and if he would come to ours, he would see the hindrance it was to us. And thus many a time, if no actual change can be made, harsh judgments might be avoided, and kinder feelings entertained for one another. How ready we are to condemn another for the opinions he utters, or the things he does; and yet if we were in his place we might probably do and say the same things! Even when judges record the true standard of right and wrong, we cannot but see that he errs. How often do his errors proceed from ignorance and want of judgment, rather than from a wilful desire to do wrong! Could we, but in a kind way, get him to look at "the tree" from our house, and could we look at it from his, how much good might we often do one another, where now we nourish in our hearts pride, censoriousness, and self-conceit! M. A.





THE LATE LORD BROUGHAM.



WORKING-MEN'S HOMES.

Is it the fault of the women that many become unclean and slothful? I fear not; then, where lies it?

I IMAGINE that no one can look upon a neat and comfortable cottage, tastefully adorned, having a pretty garden-plot in front, a clump of evergreens in the centre, with beds of variegated flowers around, and the walls, doorway, and windows decorated with climbing roses, honeysuckles, and the like, without forming a favourable opinion of its inhabitants. You naturally conclude that things are going well in that house, and you look at it with pleasurable feelings, from a persuasion that it must be the abode of cheerfulness and comfort. As it is not to certain that everything within will correspond with what is seen without, you are led to form a very favourable opinion of the "good wife, and you feel assured that she must be a tidy, respectable personage, who understands, as every woman, whether rich or poor, ought to do, what good housewifery is, and is endeavouring to fulfil her appropriate duties by maintaining to the comfort and well-being of her household. Should the door of the cottage be opened, you cannot resist a notion that you shall see issue from it, a neat, if not a pretty, lady, in a tidy dress, with a beautifully clean cap and apron, and the mien of contented happiness on her countenance; if children are thought of, you have no apprehension of seeing a parcel of dirty, ragged urchins. Such anticipations seldom deceive. The late Mrs. Norton wrote "Nalla fronto fides" (*I have no faith in the front of a man*), but I have considerable faith in the frontal aspect of a house, especially if it be a cottage home, and when I come with one like that has been referred to, I am led to conclude that order, peace, and comfort, reside within; for general experience teaches, that the face is indicative of the other, and strongly influenced by it. Give a working-man a decent and respectable cottage, and he feels stimulated to make everything look neat and attractive around it, and, in doing so, his taste becomes refined, he studies the beautiful, he is drawn away from debasing pursuits, while his wife is impelled to make everything within correspond in tidiness, cleanliness, and order with what is displayed without. It has been remarked, "the love of order and neatness, and the capacity of enjoying them, are latent in all human hearts." A man who has lived for years in a fog-house, in the backwoods of Canada, in place of a pretty attractive cottage at home, will astonish you by the spirit of tidiness he will exhibit, and his wife will astonish you no less. They feel they have become unaccustomed to dirt, and they are respectable, and they put forth their energies accordingly.

We complain of the degraded character of a large portion of our working population, but one prime cause of the debasement that exists is too generally overlooked—it is the wretched character of the dwellings provided for them. Place before you our mind's eye one of those miserable huts, habitations, multiplicity in some cases amounting to the smallest possible expense, by some newly or avocative extortioner, with a view of securing from the occupier the largest amount of profit, in some cases amounting to 12 per cent. upon the outlay, built without any regard to the requirements of comfort, or even decency, destitute of ventilation, and drainage, and adorned with fimsy or even no decorations. As you look at it, you deem it much fitter to be a receptacle for pigs, than a dwelling for human beings; you feel pity for its inmates, you naturally expect to find in the place who is there a daily and a frequenter of the public-house; in his wife a woman who is slothful, dirty, and unhygienic; and in the children, urchins made, and disorderly, and of every description, the tendency of such dwellings to produce all these evils.

Place a woman, naturally tidy, in a cottage of this description, and let her be compelled by force of circumstances to abide there, and what is the result? She loses all heart; the love of neatness and order is crushed within her; she sits down in despair of ever being able to maintain decency in a place like that; she knows not how to act about the hopeless task; probably she loses health, as well as heart; and becomes the victim of gloom, despondency, and discontent, until at length her mind gradually sinks under water, and the woman who at the outset of life was healthy, cheerful, and industrious, becomes sickly, peevish, careless, and disorderly. It is easy to foresee what the consequences will be. In the labourer's dwelling every thing depends upon the wife. If she has the energy necessary to keep all things right, every thing will necessarily go wrong; the house will gradually disrepair—the children will be neglected—the clothing will become dirty and ragged—the husband will get out of temper; perhaps he will complain; mutual recriminations will follow, and the comfort he can no longer realize in his own dwelling he seeks at the public-house, where he becomes intemperate and careless. In this way wretchedness has been crushed, paralyzed, and made miserable, and women, who under happier circumstances would have been respectable and useful, are reduced to a state of debasing influence of a wretched, unhealthy dwelling. It is probable that few things have primarily contributed more to degrade the character and habits of our working population than the large and rapid increase in the number of such dwellings.

If, therefore, our mill-owners and landed proprietors wish to have around them a decent, thriving, contented population, let them raise dwellings for their labourers, which will improve their character and habits, and at the same time give his wife spirit and heart in her endeavours to keep all within neat, orderly, and respectable. Cleanliness, tidiness, and order, are the first and foremost of the virtues which should be fostered by our inmates, not only a physical but a moral influence, and has a direct tendency to inspire self-respect, and to make the members of the household, parents, and children, considerate of the feelings and opinions of each other. To create a neat little cottage, although its walls be built of mud, and look at its well-decorated floor, its furniture bright with constant rubbing, the shining plates and the polished brass, the window, the snug arm-chair by the fire-side, "the clock that gently ticks behind the door," without feeling that there is a peculiar charm about it, is to feel once only that it has often surpassed the poet's song, and furnished a subject for the painter's pencil. But the charm must be much more strongly felt by the inmates themselves. To them it has an attractive power, and the sweet home "the dearest and most delightful of all places." Such a dwelling has higher advantages; it leads to a more intelligent delight in the works of the great Creator, and by a process which it is unnecessary here to explain, it leads a man to cherish a more kindly and sympathetic feeling for his fellow-men; it induces habits of respect for property, for the laws in general, and even for those higher duties and obligations, the observance of which no laws can enforce. By the erection of such cottages, therefore, our mill-owners, and landed proprietors, should, as far as possible, be enabled to improve the comfort, improving the character, and raising the condition of their work people; and unless they wish by a system of forced economy to deprive their labourers of the name, under the name of rent, an undue portion of the wages he receives for his weekly toil, it may be done, not only without loss, but so as to be a real benefit to the labourer and his family. But if it were actually attempted to deprive that recompense would be had in the improved character and habits of the workpeople and their families.

But it is for workmen generally this paper is intended. With many the remedy for the evil referred to is in their own hands. It is the wish of the writer that every British workman should, as far as possible, be enabled to have a comfortable home, and that he should dwell in his own freehold, should have it built and arranged with a view to health and comfort, and so that he may occupy that respectable position, and be enabled to exercise his good management, it is now within the reach of the majority of artisans. Many, however, fatally trust themselves back in life by beginning the work of the week with a heavy heart, and prematurely, before they have made any provision for the future. These are the regions

fully of obtaining a bird before they have provided a cage to put it in—no other words they marry before they have provided either house or furniture. The girl, it is true, is foolish, excessively fond of her dress, and she is hurried into these circumstances; but the man is unjust as well as foolish, who induces her to marry when he has no proper home to take her in, no household furniture, and who cannot meet the requirements of married life. The consequences of such conduct are always disastrous. The thoughtless couple must, of necessity, go through all the trials which are incident to a married life; the wife has to submit to numberless inconveniences and annoyances; she commences life under circumstances all unpleasing and disadvantages; she has no stimulus to exertion, nothing to call forth the laudable pride of good housewifery, and for want of this she yields to habits that tend to spoil her for future life. When an increase of family renders it necessary they should have a dwelling for themselves, it is too often the case that they are obliged to take one of the humblest kind; the furniture is also scanty and inferior, and perhaps half of it is obtained on credit. Under these circumstances, what can be expected? The wife, to maintain neatness, cleanliness, and good management, she is overpowered by a feeling of helplessness and discontent, she becomes careless and disorderly, a sallow, a gossip; and her husband, for want of home attentions and enjoyments, a reveller and a drunkard.

Let the young man who thinks of marriage, take warning by the sad example of the multitudes who have thus been miserable for life; let him first of all direct, "a first sit down and count the cost;" and make the necessary preparation. If the object of your attentions be worthy of your preference and regard, then she is deserving of the best accommodation you can provide for her, and if your affection be of the right kind, the very love you feel will cause you to put a restraint upon your wishes until you can obtain for her a comfortable dwelling, and furnished, too, in such a manner as will afford her a fair opportunity of displaying her wife-like qualities to advantage, and inspire an affection to render you happy in her company. If you are doing this you will furnish a proof of regard which she will feel and value, and this concern for her welfare will induce a reciprocal concern to render you happy in her company. Industry and economy, combined with a prudent exercise of self-denial for a season, will thus enable you to enter upon the marriage state in a manner calculated to render your future days prosperous, and you will be preserved from the vexation, degradation, and misery, which constitute the portion of the unwise and improvident. If you are not able to obtain a house of your own before marriage, but he may and ought to commence a regular system of weekly saving and accumulation for that purpose; and unless some unrequited charity occurs, a few years of economy and right conduct will ensure him a comfortable dwelling which he may call his own, and which, with a due acknowledgment of God's mercy, he may regard as the produce of his own labour. Great will be the satisfaction it will inspire. What pleasure he will have in rendering it comfortable and tasteful; his little garden and its adornments will furnish calculated to render your future days prosperous, and you will be preserved from the vexation, degradation, and misery, which constitute the portion of the unwise and improvident. If you are not able to obtain a house of your own before marriage, but he may and ought to commence a regular system of weekly saving and accumulation for that purpose; and unless some unrequited charity occurs, a few years of economy and right conduct will ensure him a comfortable dwelling which he may call his own, and which, with a due acknowledgment of God's mercy, he may regard as the produce of his own labour. Great will be the satisfaction it will inspire. What pleasure he will have in rendering it comfortable and tasteful; his little garden and its adornments will furnish calculated to render your future days prosperous, and you will be preserved from the vexation, degradation, and misery, which constitute the portion of the unwise and improvident.

It may be said that a man who is not able to obtain a house of his own before marriage, but he may and ought to commence a regular system of weekly saving and accumulation for that purpose; and unless some unrequited charity occurs, a few years of economy and right conduct will ensure him a comfortable dwelling which he may call his own, and which, with a due acknowledgment of God's mercy, he may regard as the produce of his own labour. Great will be the satisfaction it will inspire. What pleasure he will have in rendering it comfortable and tasteful; his little garden and its adornments will furnish calculated to render your future days prosperous, and you will be preserved from the vexation, degradation, and misery, which constitute the portion of the unwise and improvident. If you are not able to obtain a house of your own before marriage, but he may and ought to commence a regular system of weekly saving and accumulation for that purpose; and unless some unrequited charity occurs, a few years of economy and right conduct will ensure him a comfortable dwelling which he may call his own, and which, with a due acknowledgment of God's mercy, he may regard as the produce of his own labour. Great will be the satisfaction it will inspire. What pleasure he will have in rendering it comfortable and tasteful; his little garden and its adornments will furnish calculated to render your future days prosperous, and you will be preserved from the vexation, degradation, and misery, which constitute the portion of the unwise and improvident.

They never bluster the tongue nor lips. And we have never heard of any mental trouble arising from this. They do not exult in their success, much, yet they accomplish much. They help one's own good nature and good will. Soft words

soften our own soul. Angry words are fuel to the flames of wrath, and make it blaze more fiercely.

Kind words make other people good-natured. Good words from people, and bad words from them, and latter words make them bitter, and wretched words make them wretched. There is such a rush of all other kinds of words in our day, that it is desirable to give kind words a chance among them. There are vain words, and idle words, and hasty words, and spiteful words, and silly words, and empty words, and dangerous words, and warlike words. Kind words also produce their own image in the souls. And a beautiful image it is. They soothe, and quiet, and comfort the heart. They shame him out of his nose, meagre, unkempt features, and make him begin to see his own faults in such abundance as they ought to be used.

PARCAL.

MR. GOUGH AND HIS MOTHER'S BIBLE.

Is one of his touching addresses, in Exeter Hall, Mr. Gough said: "After a speech in Boston, a short time ago, I came to me, the daughter of the Rev. Dr. Choules, and said, 'My father is dead, but he was always collecting curiosities. He had a Bible which he had bought from my mother's Bible in his hand. I remember that twenty-five years ago, and pleased was I to hear the Bible was found. I had it sent to me by express-train. There were the names, 'John Gough, and his mother's name before marriage, born August 12th, 1776; 'John Gough, a present from his mother, on his leaving England for America.' 'John Gough, born August 22, 1817.' I held my Bible in my hand. I remember how I had seen that mother with her lips white with hunger, and I recollected how she took her iron-mineral spectacles from her eyes to wipe away the tears as she turned pale before me. I saw her marks—'When the poor and needy seek water and there is none, and their tongue faileth for thirst, then I the Lord will help them.' The God of Israel will not forsake them.' I saw her marks of passages more like that, all blessed promises, marked in that book. That mother's Bible brought her history before me. There remains no token to mark her last resting-place, but her heart and mourning followed her to the grave, she was followed by myself and sister alone, and without a prayer she was consigned to the dust. That she left her children the legacy of a good name, and a good prayer, and a good example, as the executor of her last will and testament; and though that poor little body of a schoolmistress has gone before, and her spirit has taken its flight to its eternal home, I feel bound now to-night to declare that if I have ever accomplished anything in the world, if I have ever done aught of good, what I am and what I have done, by the grace of God, has been through the influence of that little schoolmistress."

WHAT MAKES A MAN?

What is it that makes a man? Can you tell? We can tell you what does not. Good looks do not; money does not; a handsome face does not; learning does not. You must have something else to make a man of. We have seen a very good description of a man which reads thus:

"A beautiful soul, a loving mind, Full of affection, and a heart of gold; A helper of the human race, A soul of beauty and of grace, That truly speaks of God within, And wears upon a language in."

This is the kind of man worth something in the world. We want a great many more such men than we now have. Will not strive to be such men!

✂️ **JUR PRINCIPLES.** Bible Jews, with Illustrations. The Rev. Dr. Newton's original of "Ghosts and how to fight them." Price is 6d. This book will, we believe, prove a treasure in many families. It is one of the best yet issued from the pen of one of the best American novel teachers it will be available.

✂️ **THE GUN-SHIP.** With 12 Illustrations by George Cruikshank. May be had either as a Broad-sheet, or in a Tract form. One penny each. The Broad-sheet will be found an attractive paper for the walls of workmen's schools, &c.

✂️ **POSTAL NOTICE.** The Publishers wish to inform their readers that the new edition of the French Repository is now published. It contains the latest news from France, and is a most interesting and useful work. It is published by W. PATRICK & CO., No. 9, Fairmount Place, London, E.C.



HON. CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS.

From a photograph by Messrs. Lloyd and E. J. Baker Street.

HON. C. F. ADAMS.

His excellency, the Honourable Charles Francis Adams, has just retired from the post of American Minister to Great Britain, which has been held by him unintermittently since 1861.

With civil war of unparalleled magnitude and importance raging in his own country, and amidst unusual misunderstandings, excitements, monetary and political crises in ours, both countries have found in Mr. Adams a Minister with mental and moral resources equal to every emergency. His grandfather, John Adams, the first United States Minister to this country, performed his duties here with great dignity and fidelity; and his illustrious father, John Quincy Adams, ever memorable as the powerful and unflinching advocate of the abolition of slavery, was also Minister here between 1815 and 1817; and both became eminent Presidents of the United States.

It is not too much to say that, under God, the Honourable Charles Francis Adams (a worthy descendant of such illustrious ancestors), has, by his great prudence, unvaried patience, and dignified courtesy, earned for himself the blessing of "the peacemaker" between the two countries, and through them, to the whole civilized world; with results rarely accorded to an individual statesman, philanthropist, or Christian.

Whilst deeply regretting the departure of this esteemed American Ambassador from our shores, we indulge the ardent hope that his future illustrious career in his own great country will largely tend to cement still more firmly, the two great nations, in the bonds of peace and brotherhood.

THE WISE MAN.

The wise man governs himself by the reason of his case, and became what he does is best, in a moral and prudent, not a sinister, sense.

He proposes just ends, and employs the fairest and most probable means and methods to attain them.—William Froux.

A NOBLE GIFT.

The Drinking Fountain represented by the accompanying engraving has been erected in Hyde Park by the Metropolitan Drinking Fountain and Cattle-Trough Association, at the cost of his Highness the Maharajah of Vizianagram, a prince who has long been renowned in his own land for deeds of benevolence. It was opened on the 30th of last April by His Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge, in the presence of a most distinguished company who had assembled to do honour to the munificence of the kind-hearted stranger. There are, perhaps, not many persons who are in a position to follow the Rajah's noble example by the erection of such costly and elegant structures as this; but can we not all do something towards supplying water for thirsty men and animals in the streets of our Metro-

polis? The Association have now erected 117 Fountains and 99 Troughs, but the committee are entirely dependent upon *new* contributions for power to *erect* their benevolent operations. We hope that many of our readers will endeavour to help this good cause. Contributions should be addressed to John Lee, Esq., Metropolitan Drinking Fountain Association, No. 1, Shorter's Court, Thurgarton Street, London, E.C.

WILLIAM WOOD.

THE POOR LITTLE "CLIMBING BOY'S" FRIEND.

This aged and much-beloved Christian philanthropist ended his earthly pilgrimage on the 6th of March last, aged 83 years. His untiring efforts on behalf of the down-trodden little climbing boys have rendered the name of "William Wood" worthy of lasting remembrance. For thirty years the great man laboured to induce the master sweeps to abandon the barbarous use of climbing boys, and in lieu of them to use the "machine" for cleaning chimneys. Chiefly through the efforts of Lord Shaftesbury (then Lord Ashley), Robert Stoven, Esq., of the Hand-in-Hand Insurance Office, and Mr. Wood, Acts of Parliament were obtained to suppress the employment of climbing boys. That great hostility, however, was generally evaded by various devices to these humane Acts of Parliament.

Now commenced Mr. Wood's most arduous labours on behalf of his young clients. For ten years and more they were incessant and often painful, not only from the hardships he met with from magistrates, but from the fearful scourge he obtained into the

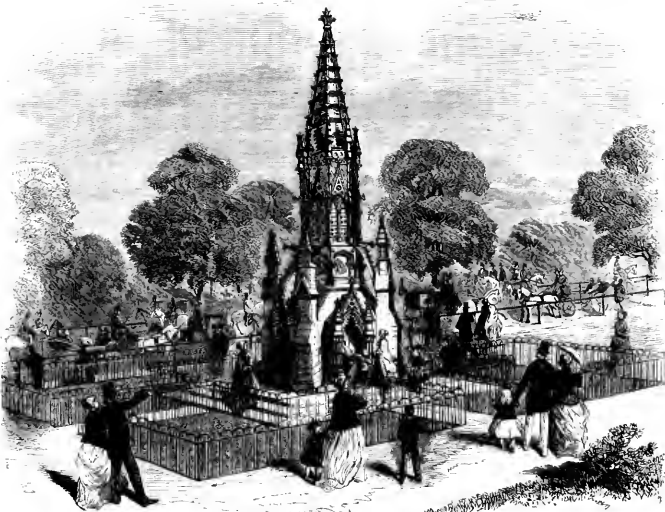
moral and physical debasement caused by the system. The boys were universally brought up in the grossest ignorance, frequently ill-treated, subject to diseases peculiar to their calling, and were occasionally suffocated or burnt to death.

After years of unwearying toil and perseverance, Mr. Wood obtained considerable influence among the master-sweeps. They at length came to appreciate his benevolent motives, and gratefully recognised his efforts to do them good. Under his kindly assistance they formed societies for mutual improvement. Well does the writer recollect being present in a room full of these men who now styled



THE LATE WILLIAM WOOD, THE CLIMBING BOY'S FRIEND.

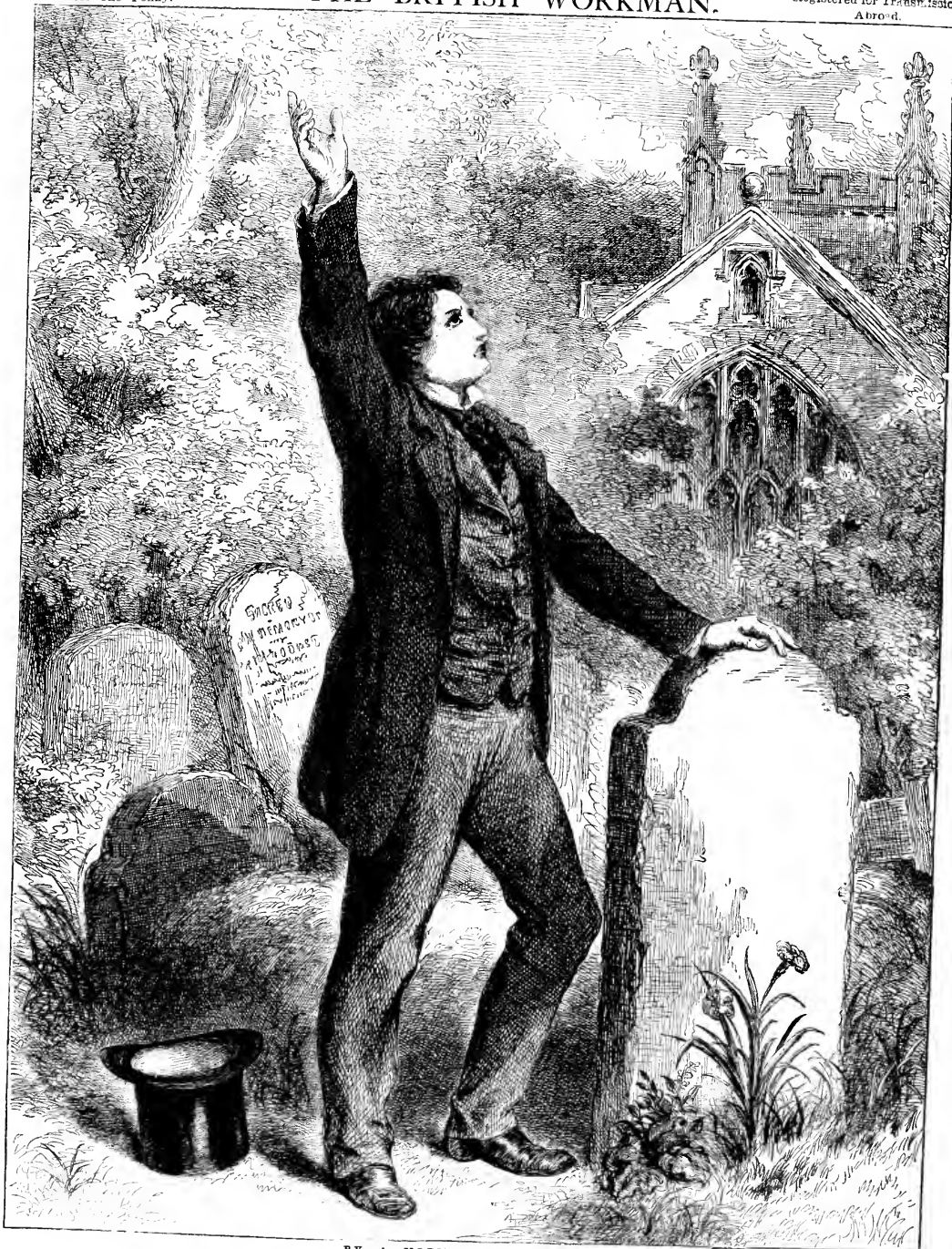
From a photograph by Messrs. Lloyd and E. J. Baker Street.



Drinking Fountain in Hyde Park, the Gift of his Highness the Maharajah of Vizianagram.

themselves "Michael Ganevy Sweepers." They were assembled to take possession of a larger room, where they might more conveniently learn to read and write, and having already commenced the business of the evening with prayer, one of them proposed that before anything further was done they should have special prayer on behalf of their old and much loved friend Mr. Wood, who was laid aside by sickness. This was done in a very feeling manner by a master-sweep. Many of the men acknowledged him as the instrument in God's hands of their conversion.

Six weeks, from five different towns performed the last offices of respect to his memory, which they did, with many tears, as they gazed upon his remains, and then carried them to their resting-place in the Bowdon Churchyard. Upon whom will Mr. Wood's mantle fall? The cause of the defenceless, down-trodden climbing boy must not be deserted. Alas! many a poor child is still so employed,—despite the law. In the very week that Mr. Wood died, a man named Martin, was convicted at Maidstone, and sentenced to twenty years' imprisonment, for causing, by cruel ill-treatment, the death of "Little George," a boy who had been employed to climb up chimneys!



BY A MOTHER'S GRAVE.

SOLDIERS AND THEIR DOGS.

The pages of ancient and modern history abound with instances of the attachment existing between soldiers and their dogs. These faithful animals have accompanied their masters through weary marches, have endured the fatigues of campaigning life, and have even gone into battle with them.

Plutarch, in his "Lives," relates that King Pyrrhus, in one of his journeys during the civil wars, observed a dog watching over the dead body of its master, who had been slain. Hearing that the dog had been there three days, without food or drink, he ordered the body to be buried, and the dog taken care of and brought to him. Soon afterwards there was a matter of the soldiers, and in performing their evolutions, each man had to pass before the king. The dog lay quiet for some time, but when the assassins of his late master passed by, he flew upon them with great fury, barking, and tearing their garments, and frequently turning about to the king. The conduct of the dog excited the suspicion of the

king, who was taken from the grave of its master, a French officer, who was slain at the battle of Salamis, and was buried on the spot. The dog had remained by the grave until he had nearly perished of hunger, and even then he was only removed with much difficulty.

There is another story of a poodle, equally authentic with the foregoing. It accompanied its master, also a French officer, to the wars. The officer was killed at the battle of Castella, in Valencia, when his comrades endeavoured to carry the dog with them in their retreat; but the faithful animal would not desert the body of his master, and consequently was left behind. A Spanish soldier, seeing the cross of the Legion of Honour on the dead officer's breast, at once ran to snatch it away, but the poodle instantly seized him by the throat, and would have choked him had not a comrade in crime come to his rescue.

During the wars of St. Bartholomew, an officer named St. Leger, who was imprisoned in the castle of Vincennes, about four miles distant from Paris,

regarding his freedom, St. Leger died. The greyhound would no longer remain in the house; but on the day after the funeral, returned to the prison of Vincennes, attracted there by a sense or motive of gratitude. A jailer of the castle court had always shown great kindness to the dog. Contrary to the general harshness and rude manners of people of that class, he had been so struck by her attachment and loyalty, that he facilitated her interviews with her master, and also insured her a safe retreat. As if out of kindness for these services, the greyhound took up her abode with the kind-hearted jailer. The affectionate animal never forgot its former master. She used frequently to repair to the tower where he had been imprisoned, and would sit gazing for hours at the barred and gloomy window from whence her master had so often smiled down upon her, and where they had so often breakfasted together.

After the decisive fight of Waterloo, as the Duke of Wellington, accompanied by his staff was riding over the battle-field, where rider

until the stroke of a cannon ball lamed him for life. As the troops entered Madrid he limped at the head of his battalion, gallily decorated with flowers and crowned with laurel, the emblem of victory. The battalion had appointed Palomo an honorary corporal, and on his breast he wore the insignia of his rank.

Bob, the dog of the Fusiliers, distinguished himself greatly during the Crimean war. At the charge of Alma he gallily trotted up the height, occasionally turning aside to chase the spent shot as they rolled down the hill. Throughout the fierce struggle at Inkermann he stood by his regiment, and when the fight was over, he visited his wounded companion. Poor Bob fell a victim to his fidelity. In the return to Balaklava he was fatally injured by the wheel of an artillery carriage. General Doyle wrote and published some verses to his memory.

Our engraving illustrates an episode in the Crimean war. On the night of the 1st of May, 1855, the French attacked and took the centre



THE FAITHFUL FRIEND. ENGRAVED, BY PERMISSION OF MESSRS. GUTHRIE AND CO., FROM THE PAINTING BY JANET LANGE.

king and of all who stood beside him. The men were apprehended, and though the evidence against them was very slight, they confessed the crime, and were punished accordingly.

At the battle of Anghuin an Irish officer was accompanied by his wolfhound. This gentleman was killed, and his body was stripped on the field of battle, but the dog remained day and night by the side of his dead master. During the night he used to go to the adjacent villages for food. This he did from the 12th of July, the day on which the battle was fought, until the snows of January lay deep on the brow of Kilcommodon hill; when a soldier being quartered near, and happening to go that way, the dog, fearing he came to disturb his master's bones, flew upon the soldier, who, surprised at the sudden attack which had thrown him on his back, mistaking his canine, and unawares shot the brave and faithful animal.

The Marquis of Worcester, afterwards Duke of Beaufort, who served throughout the Peninsular war, brought home to England a poodle

which was taken from the grave of its master, a French officer, who was slain at the battle of Salamis, and was buried on the spot. The dog had remained by the grave until he had nearly perished of hunger, and even then he was only removed with much difficulty. There is another story of a poodle, equally authentic with the foregoing. It accompanied its master, also a French officer, to the wars. The officer was killed at the battle of Castella, in Valencia, when his comrades endeavoured to carry the dog with them in their retreat; but the faithful animal would not desert the body of his master, and consequently was left behind. A Spanish soldier, seeing the cross of the Legion of Honour on the dead officer's breast, at once ran to snatch it away, but the poodle instantly seized him by the throat, and would have choked him had not a comrade in crime come to his rescue. During the wars of St. Bartholomew, an officer named St. Leger, who was imprisoned in the castle of Vincennes, about four miles distant from Paris,

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approaches of the enemy in front of Sebastopol. Three battalions of Voltigeurs of the Garde were successively engaged, and the struggle lasted till daybreak. In the morning, two other battalions of Voltigeurs were called to the battle-ground, some to fight, and some to carry off the killed and wounded. Far from the other dead they found the body of a private who had faced his way, single-handed, through the Russian ranks. By his side crouched his guardian dog that rose on their approach, and whined pitifully, as if imploring assistance for its master, who was far beyond all earthly aid.

Many more anecdotes of soldiers and their dogs might be related, but the foregoing sufficiently show the strong attachment of the dog for its master, and should impress upon us all the duty of faithfulness in every station of life; faithfulness to our fellow-creatures, and to our Creator, who holds out to all the promised reward,—"Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life."



BOB, THE CABIN BOY.

BOB, THE CABIN BOY.

As fast a craft was the Nancy,
As ever the wild waves rode;
And a goodly sight were her sails of white,
As she swept the winds before.

And as gallant a crew she had on board
As ever sailed the sea;
But the Captain of the Nancy,
Oh, a gutless man was he.

An angry brow was on his brow,
An oath on his bearded lip;
And he was loved by never a one
Of all who sailed that ship.

And, let the wind blow high or low,
The night be foul or clear;
The voice of the wicked Captain
Was never raised in prayer.

Not long had the Nancy been to sea,
When the Captain, he fell ill;
God laid His hand on the sinful man,
And the wicked tongue was still.

The fever burned on his aching brow,
And gnawed at his heart within;
Yet never a prayer to his God above
Did he pray—that man of sin.

But he groined aloud in his agony,
And he smote his guilty breast;
And he wearily tossed from side to side,
But he found no calm nor rest.

In his hammock below, a wreck he lay,
Had him for a week or more;
And never a man of the Nancy's crew
Had entered his cabin door.

Not a man had stooped, with a kindly word,
To pillow his aching head;
Not a man had moistened his feverish lips,
Or brought him a crumb of bread.

But God looked down from His home on high—
Looked down on the dying man,
He had bled His time and chosen His hour
To work out His own wise plan.

Yet He sent no voice from the yawning deep,
No angel-form from above;
The moment of all was past,
He chose for His work of love.

Two watch below on a Sunday night,
And the winds were whispering soft
Along the face of the mighty deep,
And up in the shrouds aloft.

When a soft step panned at the cabin-door,
Where the wicked Captain lay;
And "Are you better, my master dear?"
A gentle voice said.

The Captain he raised his weary head,
And he glared with blood-shot eye,
But his heart was hard; oh, his heart was hard,
For a curse was his reply.

But again, at the dawning of the day,
Came that step to the cabin-door;
And "Are you better, my master dear?"
Said the gentle voice once more.

Now the Captain, of all who sailed that ship,
Was the wickedest man by far,
For he had spent the prime of his youth
On board of a man-of-war.

But the gentle voice of his cabin-boy
It knocked at his stubborn heart,
And it made the malignant power to rise,
And the briny tear to start.

And it trickled down his swarthy cheek—
Down his cheek, so brown and tanned,
And he groined as he looked in the boy's blue
eyes.

And hid his face in his hand.
"Oh, Bob, my lad, I am very bad,
Ill, ill as I well can be;

No sleep last night for the strange, strange
thoughts,
And the moaning of the sea.

"No rest, no rest, for the winds and waves,
E'en that, how they cry and sob!
I am laid, I am laid for ever,
No hope for your Captain, Bob."

"The Lord is kind," replied the boy,
"He knows what poor sailors are;
And He'll hear you, master, though high His
home,

Above sun, moon, or star."

And with many a tender word he strove,
While the Captain wept and sobed;
To comfort the heart of the dying man,
Ere he hurried on deck again.

One morning, the Captain said in haste,
While the tear stood in his eye,
"I've been thinking all night of the Bible, Bob,
I want you to find one—try."

"Go forward and look in some chest, my lad,
I'll no use your looking here,
I haven't had one in my cabin, alas!
This many a long, long year."

"For God's sake find me a Bible, do;
Go forward and look, my boy;
Soon the Captain bled his last drop of return—
Behold him with tears of joy."

"Ah, that will do," he said, with a smile,
When he saw Bob's cheerful look;
"Now sit on my chest and read to me
From out of that blessed book."

"Pick out some place about sinners, Bob;
Sop bit that will suit me now,
And I soon shall know whether such as I
Can be saved, my lad, and how."

With the eager ear of a dying man,
He listened to every word,
As, with fearful eyes, and tremulous voice,
Bob read of our blessed Lord.

Next morning, the Captain said, with a sigh,
"Oh! Bob, I shall never get whole;
You'll soon have to cast me overboard,
But what will become of my soul!"

"Oh! what will become of my soul, dear lad!
God sees, and He can't forget;
I am laid! I am laid! No, master, no,
I think you'll be saved yet."

"Oh, Captain, remember the many fine things
I read to you yesterday."
The Captain, he groined, but he narked, ere long,
"My good lad, can you pray?"

"No, master, I never have prayed in my life,
Save the one prayer taught to me,
Which I said of a night, when a little lad,
I knelt at my mother's knee."

"Oh! I pray for me, Bob, for your Captain, Bob,
Go down on your knees now,
And cry to the Lord for mercy, Bob,
For my soul is ill at ease."

Then Bob knelt down at his master's side,
And folded his hands in prayer,
And sore he besought the Lord to take
The dying man in His care.

Still weaker and weaker the Captain grew,
Yet none heard him complain;
His hope was in God and His Holy Word—
Bob prayed with him off again.

For Bob had a true and a tender heart,
And tended him day and night;
And the Captain never could let him be
A moment out of his sight.

One morn he said, while he took Bob's hand,
"What a glorious night I've had!
When I went to rest my mind was full
Of what you had read me, lad."

"I lay some time in a sort of doze,
Still thinking of what you'd read,
When all of a sudden I thought I saw
A shadow below my bed."

"I thought I saw in the corner there,
As plain as day, a bright light;
Christ hanging upon the cross; yes, Bob,
With the thorns around His brow."

"And arose and crawled to the place, so faint,
I could hear my poor heart beat;
'Thou Son of David, have mercy on me!'
I cried, and fell at His feet."

"At length, I thought that He looked on me,
On your wicked Captain—yes;
And, oh, such a look it was, my lad,
I'll think of it till I die."

"The blood rushed back on my heart and brain,
And my soul was thrilled the while,
As, waiting in awe to hear Him speak,
My child, I saw Him smile!"

"I saw Him smile, and I heard Him say,
Yes, I heard Him say to me,
'Be of good cheer—thy sins are great,
But all are forgiven thee!'"

"What joy, what joy did my heart feel then,
No word could my heart say,
But I gazed on His face, and I saw Him smile,
As He passed from my sight away."

"I'm now not afraid to die, as, Bob,
My sins are forgiven, I know;
I want no more this side of the grave;
I am ready, my boy, to go."

"Don't cry for me—I'll be happy soon;
God bless you, my dear, dear brother,
And keep you from all the cruces that were mine,
And send you eternal joy."

"Tell my crew to forgive me, as I forgive;
I'll pray for all—don't stop;
God will bless you, I know, and I'll read me a verse,
Ere I try to fall asleep."

Next morning, at break of day, Bob rose,
And came to his master's door;
The Captain had risen, and all alone
He knelt on the cabin floor.

His hands were clasped, and his head was bowed,
And he seemed as if in prayer.
Bob paused, felt the sound of his step should fall
On the solemn silence there.

But a strange fear crept across his heart,
"Oh, master," at length he cried,
"Oh! Captain, oh, master dear, speak, speak!"
But no voice to his replied.

He laid his hand on the Captain's arm,
And laid it upon his head;
And tenderly called him by name again,
But the Captain, he was dead.

With a prayer on his lip, a prayer to God,
His spirit had passed away;
Yet he hoped, to dwell with the Saviour dear,
In realms of eternal day.

A NOBLE REVENGE.

MARTIN FROBISHER, although holding the humble position of skipper of a coasting schooner, chained to be descended from Sir Martin Frobisher, the gallant sailor of the days of Queen Elizabeth, who was the first Englishman to attempt to discover a north-west passage to China; who accompanied Drake on his West Indian expedition; and who, for his gallant conduct in the repulse of the Armada, received the honour of knighthood. Skipper Martin, in virtue of his real or supposed descent, claimed, among other privileges of the nobility, the right of wearing the robes of nobility, and as such a just and honourable method of deciding between right and wrong. In one of these encounters he was slain. His death broke the heart of his wife. She nursed the child, she called her only child, Charles, to her bedside, and with dying lips besought him never to resort to the duel for the settlement of any wrong or insult. Her request was unnecessary, for the young man had long ago made a firm resolve never to do so.

Through influence with the secretary of the Admiralty, Martin, a few years previous to his death, had got his son entered as midshipman on board the "Sibyl" ship of war, where he so conducted himself, that he obtained a lieutenancy. The conclusion of the war with France left him without either ship or pay.

His good conduct as an officer, and skill as a seaman, soon procured for him the appointment of first-mate of the hulk "Mendip," trading between London and the West Indies. During his first voyage, on her return, the captain indulged to such a fearful extent in strong drink, that Frobisher took command of the ship, and disabled the crew, through the influence of his captain, brought her safely to the shore, and, for so doing, was appointed commander by the owners.

When the Mendip was fitting out for its next run, Frobisher went down to the file of Wigton to visit his parents, and while there his father came to his untimely end.

When the Mendip was ready for sea, he took farewell of the graveyard, and marked the resting-place of his parents, in the churchyard of St. Lawrence.

The Mendip was lying off Greenhead, waiting for the arrival from London of the principal passengers, an attaché of the British Embassy at the Portuguese Court.

Among the cargo, were several barrels of gunpowder.

While the ship waited for this passenger, some of the cabin passengers, among whom were four military officers, went on shore, and remained there till the last evening of the voyage.

Which was done by the captain in person. He entered the Falcon Hotel, and found the four officers engaged in drinking and gambling. One of them, Lieutenant Brown, was a young man of high rank, and of high family, and of high connections, and the wine he had swallowed, called upon Frobisher, in a hurling tone, to drink,

"Drink, my boy, till your brains are on a blaze like mine!"

"I have not time to drink; a blazing brain is not for one like me, upon whom depends, under God's providence, the lives of so many. I have come to tell you that in an hour we shall weigh anchor."

"Not drink!" shrieked the wine-mad man, "if you will not, swallow the liquor, you shall take it sooner!" and he flung the wine-filled glass at Frobisher, when it happily missed.

"A challenge! A challenge!" shouted the companions of Brown. "Surely, Captain Frobisher will not tamely suffer such an insult!"

"Nothing shall provoke me to fight Lieutenant Brown," replied Frobisher, "I pity, and I pardon him."

The officers laughed loudly and scornfully.

"In an hour, gentlemen, we sail," said Frobisher, and withdrew.

The "Mendip" was clearing her way down the channel. It was the hour of dinner, and Frobisher, in his capacity of captain, presided. The gambling officers and their wives, by many insinuations, implied that "somebody" was a coward and poltroon. After dinner was ended, and while the passengers walked the quarter-deck, where the Captain leaned, came Lieutenant Brown and the attaché, with a mock courtesy, created by drink, spoke loud sneering words against Frobisher, to his face, and turned laughingly to the others for their approval.

In an instant, the strong arm of Frobisher laid a heavy hand on the shoulder of Brown, "Hark ye, Lieutenant Brown, I am captain of this ship, and I will not permit any longer in your attempt to play my authority, I shall place you in irons till we reach Laboon." The insolence was never repeated.

The "Mendip" was in the Bay of Biscay. A storm had been raging for three days, during which, the bravery of the captain was extolled by every one on board, except Lieutenant Brown and the attaché. The ship's boats were swept away, all but two, and these would hardly contain the passengers and crew, should it be required to abandon the ship. On the fourth day, the alarm of fire was given. The hold was in flames. In a few minutes more the flames would reach the magazine. The time was wasting. The captain was on deck, and gave his orders with calm self-possession.

"Lower the boats. Let the women and children go first; then every man according to his age."

"Ay ay!" replied his bravest men. The wives of the officers, and the stowage passengers, and the children, were safely lowered into the boats.

"Now for as many as the boats have room to spare," shouted Frobisher.

The attaché sprang forward. "Back," said Frobisher, "years hence position; Lieutenant Brown, it is your turn first."

"Heaven bless you!" cried Brown, bursting into tears, "we are friends at last!"

Frobisher shook him by the hand, exclaiming, "In the presence of death, why should we not be so! I have never quarrelled with you."

The boats were full, almost too full. A preliminary explosion announced the coming catastrophe. "Cast off, and pull for your lives," cried Frobisher, as he leaped by the gangway.

"We must, and shall save you!" was the cry that came back from the dark waves.

"Away! away!" was the reply. Then came a low rumbling, a low rumbling, a low rumbling, and a clap like thunder, and the splintered spars and masts of the ship "Mendip" were floating on the waste of waters. The brave captain was no more.

The crews of the boats reached land in safety.

ALMANACS FOR 1869.

67 The "British Workman" Almanac for 1869. With large Engravings by John Gilbert. One Penny.

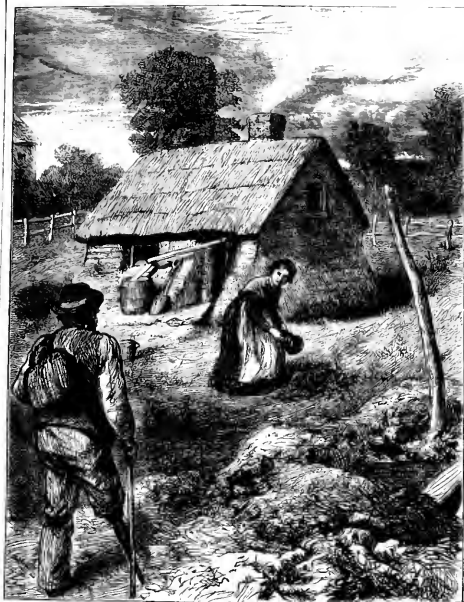
68 The "Band of Hope" Almanac for 1869. One Penny. Suitable for Schools.

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70 A Catalogue of ILLUSTRATED BOOKS, for Village Libraries, &c., may be had by forwarding a postpaid stamp to S. H. Partridge, and Co., 9, Paternoster Row, London.

POSTAL NOTICE.

The Publishers of the "British Workman" and "The Friend of the Poor" have to inform the public that the "British Workman" and "The Friend of the Poor" are now published by the "British Workman" and "The Friend of the Poor" respectively, and that the "British Workman" and "The Friend of the Poor" are now published by the "British Workman" and "The Friend of the Poor" respectively.



THE INDUSTRIOUS NAVY RETURNING TO HIS "KENT-FREE" HOME.

labour in the construction, thatching not being one of the accomplishments of Mr. Joe Lock, the enterprising creator of the edifice. Two second-hand windows were picked-up, and fastened in the openings. A chimney was masoned with rough stones from the gutting and mud for mortar, the brassware-piece being a fragment of a locomotive rail. A stout door was knocked together, of odd pieces of plank; a deep trench was dug round to keep all dry and comfortable within. A serviceable bedstead, and one or two other articles of furniture were made up by the same ready hand; the inside was white-wash to the spring of the roof, and curtained to hide the more private domestic arrangements. The dry earthen floor strewn with clean sawdust, and waxed, and himself and wife (they have no little ones) sitting by their hearth, much happier I dare say than many in a mansion more luxuriously built and furnished? To be sure, Mrs. Joe wishes sometimes that the chimney were less smoky, but, what would you have? There is no position without some inconvenience, and even Her Majesty herself has occasionally some thing to disturb her. In my sketch you have the wife draining the water from the potatoes,

and looking up with a hearty welcome when she hears Joe's step. Yours truly,
W. BARCLAY, M.A., Chaplain to the Mission.

*Are there not thousands of working men in England, who might build their own homes, if they would?

MONUMENT TO A FAITHFUL DOG
The memories that linger round the gray walls and battlements of the Tower of London are for the most part sad and melancholy. Tower Hill recalls scaffolds and savage executions. But leave Tower Hill, and descend to the river by the eastern side of the Tower, and you will, at the edge of the "Pool," behold a monument, erected to the memory of a dog. It consists of a wooden tablet placed against the outer wall of the Tower, and on it is painted the following epitaph. We copy it verbatim:—

IN MEMORY OF EGYPT, A FAITHFUL DOG,
"BELONGING TO THE INDOUATE
WATERMAN,
WHO WAS KILLED ON THE 4TH DAY OF AUGUST,
1841.

AGED 16 YEARS.

How Lies Interred Beneath This Spot
A Faithful Dog Why should he be forgot
Full Fifteen Years he Watched here with Care
Contented with hard-labour and harder Fare
Around the Tower he Duly Used to Roam
In search of Bits no Savoury or Bone
A Military Pet he was and in the Deck
His Rounds he Always Went at 12 o'Clock
Supplied with Cork which held between his Jaws
The Boson's Plun he had no hands but Paws
He'd Trot over Tower Hill to a Favourite Shop
There Get his Meat and down his Money drop
To Club he went on each successive Night
Where Dressed in Jacket Gay he took his Pipe
With Spectacles on Nose he'd Play his Trick
And proved the Paper not the Politics
Using his Frontal Hounds near Traitor's Gate
Infam & almost Blind he met his Fate
By ruthless Kick Which hurled him from the
Wharf Below
Mortally Injured soon Resigned his Breath
Thus left his friends who bore Record his Death
Amen Your Egypt.

Thinking over a score of dog stories, I made my way to the Tower to Irongate Stairs, and on reaching them was, as a matter of course, assailed by the cry of "Boat, sir, boat," and

*Poor "Egypt" would never have done this, except from his example!

a dozen of watermen and their helpers crowded round me. "Not to-day," I replied. "You have got a monument or tombstone somewhere about here, erected to the memory of a dog, and I have come to see it."

"What! old Egypt! this way, sir."

And I was conducted by a little crowd to the memorial of a dog's affection and faithfulness.

Waterman, as a general rule, are rather rough fellows, but to me, on the occasion I speak of, they were most civil and polite.

While I copied the epitaph into my note-book, they indulged in parenthetical remarks—"Egypt was a good one, he was." "Yes, Bill, he was a good one, he was uncommon." "Uncommon! why Egypt could do everything but speak, and I dare say he could have done that if he had had proper schooling."

"Right you are, Bill!" The epitaph having been transcribed, I made some inquiries about the dog, whose memory the watermen of Irongate Stairs delighted, and still delight, to honour. This was the result:—

Egypt was a retriever, but not a nice-looking dog. He was uncommonly shy of strangers, and very suspicious of them. Through the greater part of the day he sat on the pier-steps, and watched the ships and boats, and the ebb and flow of the tide. He was a self-elected member of the Royal Humane Society. On several occasions he plunged into the river, and brought drowning persons to shore. At night, and all through the night, he was most useful to the watermen. The Newcastle sloops and schooners, before the days of the steam colliers, lay off Irongate Stairs. Their crews were a wild and lawless lot. They commonly remained on shore till all hours of the night and morning; and came to the Stairs, far gone in intoxication, to be conveyed to their several vessels. Two of the watermen were detailed for this work, and when they left their little lodge, to row a party to their vessel, "Egypt" remained behind, and kept faithful watch over the cars and furniture of the passengers.

"Egypt was well-cared for. He breakfasted and dined with the watermen, who, even out of

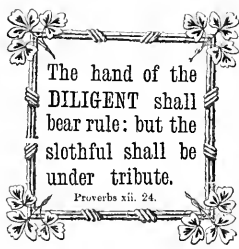
their precarious living, would not grudge him a share. The night-duty men always brought to him his supper. As the epitaph tells, he had his daily walks, but he was never long absent from the lodge or stairs. His longest walk was to a cat-and-dog-meat shop in Queen-street, Tower Hill, whither he went whenever he was treated to a penny, and, as I was most emphatically assured, "He never put that ere penny down till he saw the meat before his nose."

I made a second and a third visit to the Stairs, to try to add to the meagre information I had



MONUMENT TO THE MEMORY OF POOR "EGYPT."

gathered concerning "Egypt." My friends, the watermen, received me with the same civility. "How are you getting on, sir, with the old dog? Doing off his history to night, I hope?" For he was a good one, he was! The unvarnished biography of "Egypt" seemed to be summed up in the brief phrase, "He was a good one!" I could gain no further information. "You are, sir," said an intelligent waterman, "we are, all of us, young men hereabouts now; those that could have told you more about him, are dead and gone; but he was a good one, that he was!" I hope his memory is still dogged. I hope that the epitaph is daily teaching its lesson of faithfulness and affection. ABEL SUNDVADE.



The hand of the
DILIGENT shall
bear rule: but the
slothful shall be
under tribute.

Proverbs xii. 24.

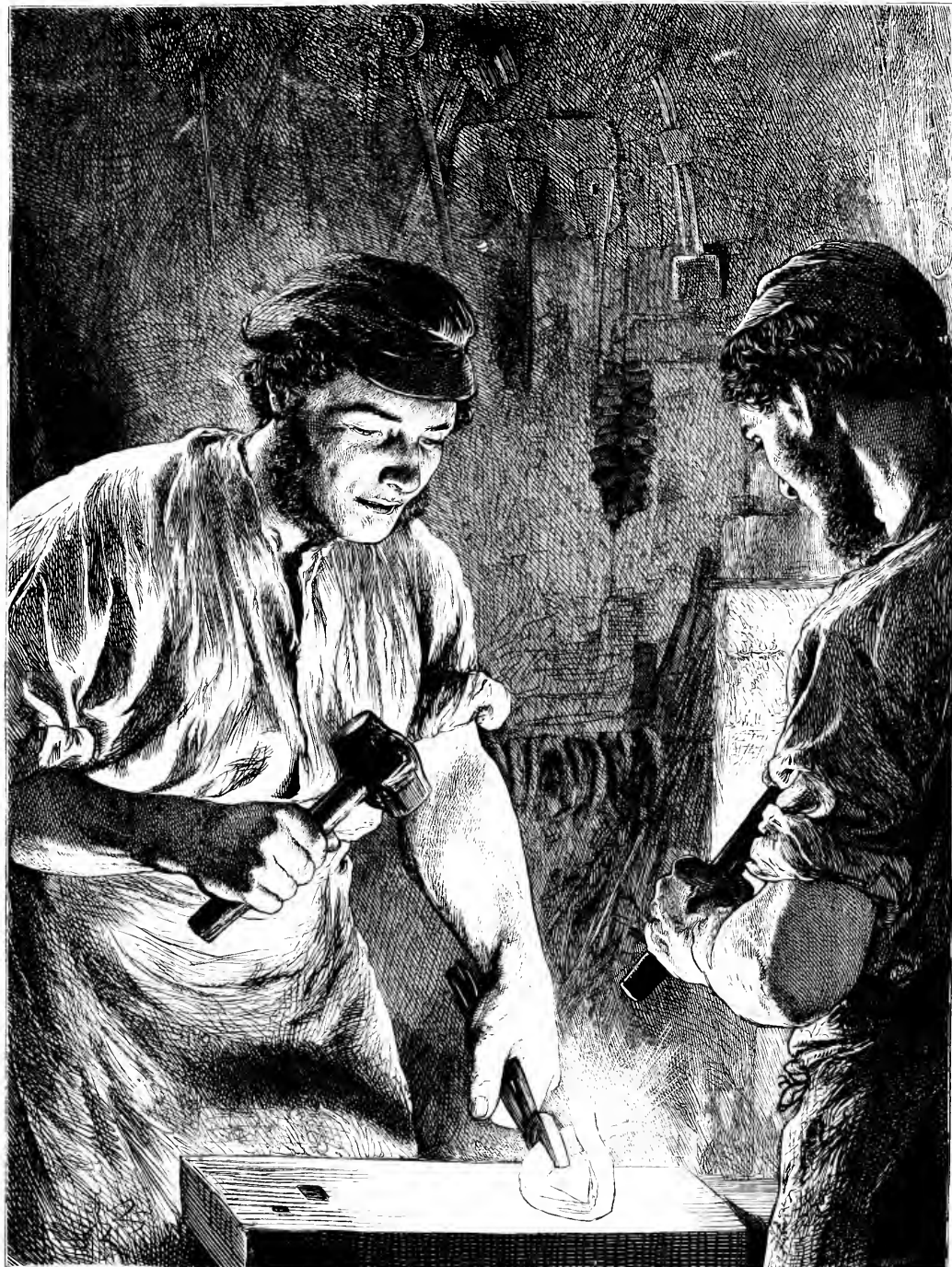


TYNE DOCKS BRITISH SCHOOLS.

We heartily rejoice at the multiplication of good schools, yet so many hundreds are yearly erected that our united space renders it needless, that as a rule, we should not insert Engravings of them. An exception to the rule, however, must be made in the case of the Tyne Docks British Schools, near South Shields, towards the erection of which the working-men, chiefly connected with the North Eastern Railway Company have voluntarily contributed the noble sum of £300! The earnestness of the working-men in desiring to secure for their children a good education,

evincing a warm sympathy of Joseph Pease, Esq., of Darlington, and other friends of education, who liberally came forward with subscriptions to the amount of £700. The Shareholders of the Railway Company, who had contributed £602, the Government gave £588, and now these excellent and well-ventilated schools, designed by Mr. Prosser, Newcastle-on-Tyne, capable of accommodating 600 children, have been erected at a cost of £2,250, and opened free of debt!

To working-men who have not got good schools near them, we would say, "Go and do likewise."



GETTING IN THE THIN END OF THE WEDGE, OR, "STRIKE WHILE THE IRON IS HOT"



"I fear me, Will, then hast left thy Sunday clothes in the top of the Red Lion."

When on the following Sabbath-day the bells in the grey tower called the townsfolk to prayer, Walter and Will walked side by side to the old church. "A word spoken in due season, how good is it!"

A NAVY'S SHORT SPEECH

"GENTLEMEN," said a navvy, just as a public meeting, for improving the houses of the poor, was closing, "allow me to say a word. The best day's work Parliament ever did for us working men, was to begin the Post-Office Savings' Banks. It was *once* hard work to keep a shilling in my pocket, but *now*, when I am working in any part of the country, I pay my money to the Post-Office, and when I come home I can draw it out just as I please. See here, gentlemen, here are some yellow boys I have drawn out for a Sunday suit for myself,

a gown for my wife, and boots for my barns. I never knew this pleasure until the Post-Office Savings' Banks were begun. And now as some Parliament gentlemen are here, let me say that the *next* best thing that you can do for us working men is to help us *to build our own cottages*. Let a fellow only have a few bricks, or a few square feet of land of his own, and it's *rewardful* what a different fellow he is!" He leans back in the nation. Prince Albert was a good man for trying to get landlords to build model cottages for us working men, but it will be a better thing still if we are encouraged to *build or buy our own houses*."

SOWING WILD OATS.

Is all the wide range of accepted maxims there is none, take it for all in all, more thoroughly abominable than the one as to the sowing of wild oats. What a

man—be he young, old, or middle-aged—sows, that, and nothing else, shall be reap. The only thing to do with wild oats is to put them carefully into the hottest part of the fire, and get them burned to dust, every seed of them. If you sow them, no matter in what ground, up they will come, with long, tough roots like the couch grass, and luxuriant stalks and leaves, as sure as there is a sun in heaven—a crop which it turns one's heart cold to think of. The devil, too, whose special crop they are, will see that they thrive, and you, and nobody else, will have to reap them, and no common reaping will get them out of the soil, which must be dug down a deep again and again. Well for you, if, with all your care, you can make the ground sweet again to your dying day.—*Dr. Arnold.*



"See here, gentlemen, here are some yellow boys"

ANOTHER VICTIM.

On Wednesday evening, the 10th of June last, the inhabitants of the retired but thriving parish of Kerry, in the midst of the beautiful scenery of Montgomeryshire, were thrown into a state of great excitement and consternation, by the intelligence that a man had been killed on the line which connects that parish with

the main line, near Newtown. The poor fellow, who thus met his death, was a foreman of a gang of plate-layers, employed on the line. He had left his work, in the afternoon, in order to earn some money, by sheep-shearing, of a farmer, whose land adjoined the railway. Here, according to a cruel custom, he was allowed to drink freely, and, fresh from his cups, he seems to have found his way back to the line, where, at a curve in the road, the engine-driver suddenly saw him lying across the rails. The breaks were instantly applied, and the engine was reversed, but it was impossible to stop the train, before it had passed the fatal spot, and left that bodyless man, but a moment before was full of life—a mangled and senseless corpse! Oh, the curse of drink!

When will our agricultural labourers learn to regard that drink, of which they so freely partake, at this season of the year, as their greatest enemy, and not at all necessary either to their strength or comfort!—and when will our farmers endeavour to control, if they cannot altogether prevent, its use? How many thousands has it hurried, in a moment, unprepared, into the eternal world!

A SLANDERING tongue is called by the Jews a *triple tongue*, because, as they say, it kills three persons, him what carries the slander, him what receives it, and him of whom it is related.

THE LATE EDWARD SMITH, ESQ.

AMONGST the most sincere and devoted friends of the working classes in this country, the names of Edward Smith, of Sheffield, and Samuel Bowly, of Gloucester, have, during the last thirty years, held a deservedly high position. Their united efforts to promote habits of temperance and frugality have produced the most gratifying results amongst all classes of society. Thousands of miles have they travelled in company, holding temperance and other meetings, where doors of usefulness opened, and their Christian and unsectarian spirit, gained them a welcome amongst both the humble and the

SWALLOWING FIFTEEN COWS!

Just as I was passing a crowd that had collected together to listen to a working man who was addressing them, the speaker said: "I met a man only the other day, who had swallowed fifteen cows! You may think this strange," continued the speaker, "but I will tell you how it happened



"He swallowed the whole fifteen!"

—When I first knew him he was very well to do in the world. He had a comfortable home, and a very good dairy, consisting of fifteen cows. But at length he took to drinking, until first one cow went, then another, and another, and another, until at last, by the drink, to procure which he sold the cows, he swallowed the whole fifteen, and he is now an inmate of an alms-house!"

ALMANACS FOR 1869.

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THE LATE EDWARD SMITH, ESQ., OF SHEFFIELD.



CANUTE LOOKING HIS COURTIER.

FLATTERY REBUSED;

Or, a Lesson from Cantele the Great.

Or all the incidents in the life of Cantele, surround the GREAT, the one told by our distracted king, is, perhaps, the best known, and the most quickly made use of, in the commonest of moral and moral a la mode. Cantele is held to have been one of the most illustrious monarchs of the human race in which it is directed, both as a ruler and as a man. His reign was marked by his replete virtue and his exemplary piety. His conquests were many and greater; but of "he who ruled his spirit is greater than he who ruled his empire," the king's conquest of himself must be adjudged as his greatest victory.

It has been the lot of monarchs in all ages to be surrounded by men only too ready to do them lip-service, to flatter their vanity, and to ascribe to their regal state a power, and an authority possessed by God alone. Cantele was thus surrounded; but unlike many rulers, to whom flattery is a sweet-sounding music, to him it was intolerably nauseous, the more so, because his confidants carried it to such an impious length. He sat upon the following expedient, at once to show them that he was acquainted with the hollowness of their flatteries, and that he rated all such lip-service at its proper value.

It was one day by the sea-shore watching the waves break, and his confidants as usual were extolling his might and power. The monarch listened to their adulations for awhile in silence; but, presently, pointing to the waves they came tumbling in, he addressed them in the following manner: "I have seen the waves coming under the other advancing billows were under his control, and to witness they would they could subdue the ocean. Cantele, however, appearing to believe them, ordered his chair to be set on the strand where the tide was now rapidly coming up, and, as if he were lord of the ocean, commanded it to approach. The feebleness of his monarch, the waves poured over his destined crown, and soon flowed around the royal seat. Then, turning to his flatterers, who hung their heads in shame at the sight of their dignity thus discovered, Cantele took them by the shoulders and impetuously of all human power equipped with that of Him who said to the ocean, "Thus far shalt thou go, and no further." After this, we are told, he deposited the crown on the cathedral of Winchester, and never again resumed it. While to his flatterers, that crown symbolised power and pomp, and everything ideal which they, in their foolishness, confused with the real, the monarch had found it lined with the cares of empire, and could truly say, with a king of later date, "I meanly live, that I wear a crown."

It is not surprising that the flatterers who had taken place since the days of the resolute King Cantele, it is not interesting to note that flattery has long ceased to be the special prerogative of the royal and rich. The dependent should flatter their employers, that the poor should pay homage to the rich, history has taught us to regard as no new thing in the world. The tales are turned however, and in our own day we see the humble and the industrial classes coming in for no insignificant amount of flattery; we have no other word for it. That rich should flatter the poor, and place in the hands of the poor a brotherly part towards him, that the employer should be no longer separated from the employed by a wide impassable gulf, but that each should be naturally subject to the other, are the characteristics of the present age, for which we may thank God and take courage. But recognition of justice is one thing; and flattery of human power, to serve the base purpose of the flatterer, is another thing, and a very despicable one in our eyes.

We need not enter into details which will be fresh in the recollection of many working men who have lately attended public meetings and electrifying meetings. As we have listened to candidates for Parliamentary honours ascribing to the working classes every imaginable virtue, and holding their power under the new state of things to the very skies, we have been forcibly reminded of Cantele and his confidants. And as we have heard more than one working man indignantly exclaim, "God, air, and earth, be witness, I am glad to find that the spirit of the old Danish king was not dead, that it was alive still to estimate flattery at its proper value, and to give it, if need be, a stern rebuke."

If those who hope to win the support of working men by adopting this line of procedure were possessed of ever so little sense to which one could add they might be asked to try to heart a few of the weighty words of King Solomon about flatterers and flattery. "Meddle not with him that

flattereth; say the wisest of men; don't join thyself with him; for he is a good handful, but rewardeth you with nothing to do with him, for, as another proverb says, "he that flattereth his neighbour,"—or, he that talks *modestly* to him—"is speaking a net for his feet." So one of the long run, gets so heartily despised as the flatterer. "It takes a good many shovelfuls of earth to bury the truth," say the Sages; and when thought, and man's lips speak his dishonest will to be working for base ends, no punishment seems heavy enough for him if it be to be meted out by those whom he has taken in.

It is to be hoped that working men will be wise enough to discriminate between false friends and true, and that they will not be deceived by flatterers who come to them with smooth words. We know who it is that has drawn the character of the hypocrite, in all ages, and who has warned us against his blandishments. "Beware of those who come to you with sheep's clothing, but inwardly are ravenous wolves." There never was a time when the admonition of our Saviour was more urgently needed than now.

THE WORKMAN'S REST-DAY.

I welcome thee, dear Sabbath-day,

To me of all days the best;

Thou art the day when I can rest,

And bring about blissful rest.

When, at the closing of the week,

I homeward take my way,

I joy to think that I can go, and

Thou, holy, happy day!

Dear Sabbath-day, I thought you back

Across the vanished years,

Before I knew the world's sad cares,

Its sorrows and its fears.

My life was then a time of play,

My playmates birds and flowers,

And with the merry and kind I romped

All through the sunny hours.

I recollect my father's home

In the green-elm hill,

Its rivied valley, its trellised porch:

I can recall them still.

I recollect the bright miracle,

The angel that did stand

In which my loving mother said,

She sits no longer here!

I recollect the grey church-tower,

The bell that rang so clear,

That through their hallowed walls, it filled

The calm and quiet cells.

Oh, well I mind the pew, in which,

My parents sat so true,

And, heard of His dear love who

Who for us lived and died.

My father and my mother lie

Among the tall grey grass;

But, thanks to God, who gave us a child,

They taught me how to pray.

Taught me that God had given to me

A Sabbath-day of rest,

And if I kept as I was taught,

To me it would be best.

So through my life I've ever striven

To keep that holy day,

And mine, God helping me, shall e'er

My birthright call away.

Nay, if it be one single hour,

One minute, will I spare,

Nor let these idle trifles creep in

Or pleasure give a share.

Tis mine, on which I gladly pay

His Giver, homage due,

And mine, God helping me, shall e'er

My labours to renew.

Then let none ever dare to steal

That day of all the seven,

Which was bequeathed to Work and Toil

By the decrees of Heaven.

It is my forefather of a day,

That on the world shall say,

A rest that shall not pass away,—

The Sabbath of the skies.

HOW SHALL YOU VOTE?

A STRAIGHT RUN FOR THE TIES.

JOHN REES and his wife were comparatively young people; they had been married only five years. They lived in that part of England, known as the "Black Country," of which Birmingham is the centre, and John was a workman in a large foundry. He was regarded by his workmates as a pretty steady, sensible sort of fellow; one who hadn't many ideas of his own, but was willing to listen to those of other people. He did not think or read much; instead of getting deep-rooted convictions of his own on important subjects, he was too ready to pick up current opinions, and follow them assiduously for a time, until a new set presented themselves, when he would cast aside the old and take up the new, just as he would have done with his dress. While he held any opinion he made a great fuss with it, talked "politics," as if he understood them,—at least most of his friends thought so,—but there was one man working in the same foundry, who very soon detected that John Rees was about as hollow as a drum, notwithstanding his high-sound of talking. This was a man named Smith. He was a sensible, quiet, thoughtful man, "a dry old stick," the men called him; nevertheless they wanted any kindly feeling, they instinctively referred to him as "Wallace," and he was a man of principle, who would not swerve a hair's breadth from what he considered right.

One day, in the dinner-hour, Rees had a few minutes' chat with Wallace, who had just returned upon politics. The subject being brought up by a group of three or four men at a distance, they came up to take part in it. I will call them by the family names of Smith, Brown, Jones, and Robinson.

Smith was a man whose character could bear severe scrutiny. He was respected by the good, and feared by the bad, and he was a man of principle. He was a member of the same Christian church as Wallace; but his views on many points were more exclusive than Wallace's.

Brown was a man of a different complexion, not given to trouble himself with any thing that did not immediately concern his own comfort and well-being. He often said, "Let them who will trouble themselves with politics, speculating and wasting themselves out with all the rest of it, it don't trouble. I like to make the best of things as they are, and enjoy myself." Jones, also, was a man who never could distinguish between right and wrong. It was rumored that he was a bad man at home, that he beat his wife, and neglected his children; it was well-known that he spent quite half his wages every week at the public-house, and that his conscience would let him do anything for a glass of grog.

Robinson took the excitement of a "holy run," and would engage in anything that would bring him into notoriety. He was called a great Reformer, and was ever the foremost to mount in getting up a noisy demonstration. He was a standard-bearer on each occasion, spouting a "cry of liberty," and roared himself purple and scarlet, in giving vent to his latest opinions about "bloated aristocracy." He expressed intense scorn and detestation of all who lived in houses and were broad-chested and silly; and boldly declared to his "poor, down-trodden brothers," that ignorant poor men were far better than educated rich ones, and that they might as well "go and break their necks up like me, and let the country know that they thought so. But could you have seen this hero of a hundred tongue-fights, as he retorted, hearse and perspiring, to the great disgust of the nearest public-house, could you have heard his anxious inquiries as to whether he had "given it the writhes hot and strong enough," and you see now, at last, having lately quashed his eloquence in the form of a glass, he could articulate nothing, he had to be borne to his neglected home like a piece of useless lumber—

He would have thought twice before he would bring upon such a man, the great name of Reformer.

Robinson was studiously careful to avoid personal debate with any well-read or thoughtful man. His discourse was platform declamation of the kind that drove the honest man to the statement of fact, and honest inquiry. So now he approached Wallace with secret fear, though he affected to think it beneath him to have anything to say to such a "poor old customer."

He stood a short distance off, as if he wished to let them know that he did not care to take any part in their conversation, though he would deign to listen to it.

Smith was the first to join in. "Politics again, Wallace!" said he. "Well, I should think you might talk of something better when you've got an opportunity of speaking in a friendly way as a fellow-sinner. You and I are members of a

Christian Church, you know, and we mustn't forget that we are therefore required to be faithful to each other, and to clear ourselves to higher things as far as we can."

"You're right," answered Wallace, pleasantly. "You think that we are called upon to draw up their earthly duties, and not to have them. Our religion mustn't be a hot-house plant shut away from our daily life, so that its fragrance shall hang about our every action. Politics are forced upon us, even now at this stage of our history; shall the Christian then permit his religion to push them made as something unwelcome, if his notice is for he shall not rather take them up and put them to rest in them, and use his political power, as I believe God intended it should be used, for the good of his country, and for the benefit of humanity?"

"Politics are of the earth, earthly," said Smith; "and I don't think Christians should have anything to do with them. Just let a man get mixed up with all election-time—cursing, swearing, fighting, bribery, dishonesty, and all the vilest passions of human nature. I think it better to keep quite distinct from such doings."

"In the face of this," answered Wallace, "let me remind you, brother Smith, that while we are on earth we must have to do with things earthly. But I don't think that we should be faithful men, not shirking anything as comes before us as a plain duty, even though it may seem to us with much that is foreign to our faith, and to our religion. I don't (and I don't shame) that at election-time society is like a seething ocean of foul and stinking waters; but it is the Christian's duty not to let himself be carried away by the current, but to stand in the salt of his integrity, and so to do his utmost towards purifying it. What I would you yield up politics wholly to those who have no religion, and who are content to see their own kind passions directed thus, and who would dig our glorious Constitution down to the mire of corruption? Would you take off this cross of your nation and our country, and let it be a burden to make a fool of it? Would you tamely take the opportunity of the splendour of having a voice in promoting the welfare of your country, and then refuse to do so? No, my brother Smith, I think you're crying in your sleep."

So, my brother Smith, I think you're crying in your sleep. So, my brother Smith, I think you're crying in your sleep. So, my brother Smith, I think you're crying in your sleep.

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though I have got the franchise. I'm just going to look on at the squabble of the different parties as you might poor fools do, by listening, and shortening their days by passion, while I take life calm and easy, and make the best of things as they are. What's the use of it all, I should like to know? My editor and stinging socialist decide which man should go to Parliament; and your vote couldn't make the difference, so I shan't have anything to do with elections either now or then."

"Well, Brown," answered Wallace, "I must say that your little speech is utterly unworthy of an Englishman. Do you never feel proud that you are a son of this dear old country, which, in spite of all its faults, I hold to be the greatest that the sun shines upon? And what constitutes its grandeur? Why, its righteous laws, which give civil and religious liberty to every man. Now we want this glorious liberty preserved for it throughout all coming generations; we want our old laws remodelled and perfected to suit the growing needs of the time; we want that we may be true to the spiritual, moral, and social needs—the pressing everyday needs—of the people of this great realm."

"We want a policy of peace, we want better laws respecting the right to be treated as the price of labour; we want a Government that will see to the dwellings of the poor, and open broad avenues to education. We want justice to the weaker scope, and the rights of the rich and poor in their balance. Well, now, my friend Brown, the franchise gives you the glorious privilege of doing all that lies in one man's power to secure these blessings for your fatherland. And if you permit sloth or indifference to keep you from exercising this privilege, I say you lack much of that noble patriotism which should glow in every Englishman's breast. You have no more right to shrink your duty to your country, than you have to shirk your duty to your master, or to your wife and home. This right to vote lays upon every one of us a solemn responsibility, and it is our bounden duty to exercise this right, as if England's glory and happiness depended on our single vote. We must not say, 'What good could my vote do?' but we must consider what we can do. We are only responsible for what we can, and we can give our vote to the honest man, the lover of right, the hater of bribery, the champion of the nation for the good of our beloved country, and who will have his name as a pure and righteous Government. Vote for such a man as if it depended on your single vote whether he should go to Parliament or not; then you will have the blessed consciousness of knowing that you have done all that lies in your power to advance the best interests of the empire."

Jones, who had been listening stolidly, but whose muddled brain had failed to comprehend the meaning of Wallace's words, now blurted out, most unfortunately, "Well, I like a jolly good fellow, with a heavy purse, who'll content and give you a generous swing or two and a pound in your pocket, maybe, for your vote. That's the sort of score I shall vote for!"

"An honest expression truly," said Wallace, when the peals of laughter which greeted Jones's speech had died away. His face expressed much scorn and pity as he looked at Jones, who was as proud as a peacock under the storm of merriment which he had raised. "We seemed to think it vain to hope to instil any ideas of honour and principle into poor degraded Jones; but his pity overcame his scorn, and he set himself to the task."

"So you would sell your birthright for a mess of pottage, Jones?"

"I didn't say anything about birthright and pottage," retorted Jones, with a grin. "I'd sell my vote to a jolly good fellow, and so I'd rather, if he ain't a fool."

"You don't love your temper, said Wallace; "let us talk like men, and not like fools."

"That's what I want," said Jones.

"Well, then," continued Wallace, "let us call your vote your birthright, and let us insist that your British birthright secures to you the nation expects that you will feel the honour and responsibility of holding such a trust, and that you will be true to the good of the nation, and not for your stomach, or your pocket, and, more to the point, to put in office bad, dishonourable men. Because, look here, Jones, if you vote for the fellow who will give you a shilling, you vote for one who is a 'jolly good fellow' after the devil's way of goodness, but who is called by honest men after his right name, not a 'jolly good fellow,' but an unprincipled scoundrel. Such a fellow is not capable of making good laws; he

he causes nothing whatever for justice and right. All he cares for is to get a seat in Parliament, and when he gets there he will sacrifice any principle to keep it. He will give his vote to measures that will secure for him the favour of those in power, no matter whether the measures be good or bad. He will be bribed by caresses and patronage, and will care no more for the right, than you did when you took his bribe. I tell you I would take long-headed Lord Brougham's advice, and have such fellows considered as the vilest of men, and as those who take the bribes; for I've no doubt poor men do sometimes find it not easy to resist the temptation of money; they quit their consciences, and will care no more for the right thing to do, the other party does."

"Two hundreds and thousands of our men [I say it with shame] are such slaves to drink, that they clutch at the first offer of it, and are ready and willing to degrade their manhood, and sell their vote to the fellow who will avail them the most liberally with beer. I should like to ask you, Jones, if you really think that such temptations ought to sit in the British House of Commons, and be called 'honourable members'?"

Jones stared hard at the ground, and strove to rally his mental forces to reply to this question, but in vain.

"I should advise you, Jones, to take example from Rees, and just set yourself to reading a bit every day, so that you may learn something about your country, and the laws of the land. We have made, and what kind are needed," said Wallace. "Men are sent to Parliament to assist in the making of laws which will be either a blessing or a curse to the country. Now this Reform Bill has taken many thousands of men into the franchise; but what advantage will that be to the country, if they haven't got a brain to use it to? If they vote blindly for any rascally bribe man that comes to them, so much the worse for the nation that has given them the power to vote. But if they have right views of government, and intend to use their vote to the best advantage to their country, to secure for it a wise and good Government, then will it be so much the better that they have got the franchise. In this case, the temptation of money will be of no use; bribery, money will stand no chance; honest, manly voters who would scorn and loathe their money, would pretty soon show them that the best thing they could do for their fatherland would be to show a clean pair of heels!"

Jones gave a grunt of assent, and remained in a thoughtful attitude, as if waiting for Wallace to say more.

"Oh, my fellow-workmen! I entreat you, as patriots, scorn bribes with all your souls! Regard the wretched briber's money as coals that will scorch and wither your souls if you touch them. Let each one do his part to make the constituencies pure, and then we shall have pure men returned to Parliament. When we come to realize that this it depends upon the integrity of individual men, whether the Government shall be good or bad, I think no Christian will hide his vote, as the poor fool, in the Gospels, did his talent in the earth; and no honest Englishman will care for regard for his country will cast his ballot in sloth and indifference."

"This was directed to Smith and Brown. 'We'll think of it, Smith,' I must say, Wallace, that my religion has never been a hindrance to my ties with my neighbours; however, I feel pretty near satisfied that your views are right. I shall think it good, and perhaps I may feel justified in changing my mind."

"That's right, man!" said Wallace. "The more religious voters we have the better. Religion is the great cure for all corruption. It entitles it to the respect of the people, and it daily strives to do that which is pleasing in His sight, would feel it simply impossible to be deterred from the path of duty by the most costly bribe that could be offered. If I had my vote in my right, will control has every man, and for that reason the corrupt candidate himself if he had only such men to deal with! He'd be pretty soon out of the race. I have the clearest for an honest man, I'll be honest."

"But do you know," said Rees, "I was reading a day or two ago that even earnest-minded men sometimes come to think that they're not doing their duty, and they're not; it's almost necessary for them to get out of the laziness, and for this reason: They see that the opposite party, which they imagine wouldn't do harm, is in office for the country as their own would, is better off, and then they think that if they'd get what they think the best party into Parliament, they must go the same way to work as the opposite party does. It's

just doing evil a little that good may come."

"And what says our Bible about such workers? whose damnation is just," replied Wallace, sternly. "No, no, Rees, I will not admit that such men are honest. I say let the honest man have unbounded faith in honesty, in the might of right, and act accordingly, under every circumstance. The cause is not our own, but the wrong means of working. I say, by all means let right be defeated rather than hold it up by any wrong. The defeat will be only temporary; the triumph of evil only short-lived. Let us never mind the devil's work, but let us never think of the right to establish right on its throne by giving it the steps of corruption to ascend by. Let right be content to stand by if need be, and let us not surrender to its throne; are long, they will experience the fall of shame and confusion, and in the face of an admiring world right will be exalted to its own place. Let us not work only like faithful and honest men, but let us be content to wait also for the triumph of right principles, having faith that they must and will finally prevail over all that is evil. Nothing so changes a good cause, as a corrupt advocate. Let us not stand up for the right in fear and trembling, and with a secret stretching forth of the hand to evil powers to sustain us; no, no! let us have faith in the righteousness of the cause we are to stand for, and let us be strong and very courageous, and shall feel no need to resort to corrupt means to do our work. As I said before, the defeat of right can be only for a moment, and afterwards, what a glorious victory it will achieve!"

"Your faith seems to strengthen my faith, Wallace," said Rees, leaning. "I must confess, now that I see I have to read few things and think for myself, I have sometimes wondered whether it would be very wise to fight an enemy with his own weapons—whether it mightn't be advisable, in some case, to help on a good cause as the enemy would help on a bad one. But now I say No, with you the cause must only be helped by honest men, and I'll prevail all in good time, though it mayn't get on quite so fast as the bad."

"Well, now, Jones, you are about to close," said Wallace, "and I think there is a question arising out of it which each one should strive to answer, like good and true men, like honest brothers, like honest patriots, like honest homes. It is this: *How shall you vote?* Having got an extension of the franchise, England expects of every man to whom this privilege is newly granted, that he will do his best to will hold it with such a sense of honour and dignity, that bribery shall not dare to approach it with its vile insinuations and temptations, that he will regard it as a trust from God, for which he must give an account; that he will use it as if the will of the British Empire depended upon his making a right use of it. We must read more, and think more; we must feel that we are not alone, and make ourselves competent to act rightly. Were twenty thousand points left by any friend, you would immediately set yourself to work to find out how you ought to invest your money in order to make the best use of it for yourself and your family. Now you should regard this as something justly bestowed to you, and you should regard it as a trust from God, for which you must give an account. How can I not vote for the benefit of my beloved country? I take it for granted that each one in this little group will use his vote, even you, Smith. Well, now, I shall ask you to look at this question in a strenuous earnestness. Would I could put it to every voter throughout the length and breadth of the land, and get each one to answer, as in the right of God, 'I will vote and I will do my best for my country. Party feeling shall not bias me; but law and conscience for right principles shall guide me in the discharge of my political duty.'"

FACTS FOR WORKING-MEN.

THE late benevolent Samuel Fletcher, Esq., of Manchester, who early in the present year, following his favourite saying at public meetings—

"I have never met with an instance of any youth who was devoted to his parents, industrious, and devoted to his employer, who has ever come to my ears."

Mr. Fletcher frequently visited large factories, and entered into conversation with the principal men, with a view of testing the truthfulness of his favourite statement. One day he visited Messrs. Sharp and Co.'s celebrated Atlas Works in Manchester. Mr. Sharp accompanied him through the works.

In the course of their conversation, Mr. Fletcher mentioned the object of his visit, when Mr. Sharp expressed his concurrence in his views, and

On passing through one of the rooms, Mr. Sharp said, "Did you notice that man just now who touched his hat as we passed?"

"Yes," said Mr. Fletcher.

"Well," continued Mr. Sharp, "that man entered my service many years ago, on the same day that a companion of his was also taken on. They were both clever mechanics, and earned about £2 10s. per week. After a time both of them married. The man we have just seen, got a good wife; a clean, tidy and industrious woman. The first week of their marriage, that man gave his wife six shilling shillings of his wages, and said, 'There, that is what I shall give you weekly for housekeeping, and the remainder I shall keep for myself.' At the end of the year, the wife rejoined him that it was their wedding-day, and said that they must have something nice for supper. After taking their meal together the wife, with a smile on her face, said, 'How much do you think I have saved out of the twenty-eight shillings per week you have given me?'

"Not much," replied the man. To the astonishment of her husband, she counted twenty shillings out of the table, and said, 'There, that is what I have saved out of the twenty-eight shillings a week.' In fact the industrious, frugal housewife had kept house on twenty shillings a week, and had saved up the other savings-box eight shillings worth. The husband looked at the money with astonishment, and said, 'Marry, I must do different to what I have done.' The next day he took the twenty shillings and paid them in to the bank, and the man's weekly savings were now added to those of his wife's, and year by year the amount in the bank grew larger and larger.

"Many years have passed by since then," continued Mr. Sharp, "and last week, that very man came to me and said 'Master, I have got notice from the Railway Company that the £2,600, I advanced the bank for the purchase of my house, how would you advise me to re-invest it?' Mr. Fletcher listened with delight to these words, when he was still further astonished, by Mr. Sharp, saying, 'I have just received notice that £2,600, that man has another £2,600, so he has nearly doubled his money. He has brought up his family well; they are acclimatised to his wife; and he is one of our most worthy servants.' But," continued Mr. Sharp, "I have not told you these works on the same day as he did, was not equally fortunate with his wife. She did not make him comfortable home; he took to drinking and gaming, and eventually died. He died a few weeks ago. I went to see him during his illness, and found that his home was a most horrible place, filthy and dirty in the extreme. He would have been glad to have his wife, but for the kindness of the fellow-workmen, who contributed 10s. per week, to save him from actual starvation."

CHRIST OUR SACRIFICE.

Not all the blood of beasts,
On Jewish altars slain,
Could give the guilty conscience peace,
Or wash away our stain.

But Christ, the heavenly Lamb,
Takes all our sins away;
A sacrifice of nobler name,
And richer blood, than they.

Believing, we rejoice
To feel the close remorse;
Of many a guilty conscience, who
And trust His bleeding love.

HOUSES AND HOMES;

Or, What Co-operation Can Do.

No one who visits Edinburgh should fail to see the workmen's dwellings which have been erected by the Co-operative Building Society. They present a picture of comfort and an example of what judicious combination can accomplish, peculiarly interesting and instructive. About seven years ago, the Co-operative Building Society, in the deplorable want of suitable houses, and a desire to improve the condition of their class, formed a Co-operative Building Company, with friends and fellow-workmen, who have ever since, by the most judicious management, the practical aid of fellow-workmen was gradually obtained; and the position of the undertaking—so far as mere figures can indicate—a credit which is a credit to the moral and social benefits—One day they summed up—The entire capital is subscribed by 836 members; 400 houses, supplying healthful accommodation for at least 2,000 individuals, have been sold at £700 per house. The average profit of over 15 per cent. has been paid every year. The houses, each of which has a

separate entrance, vary in size from three to six rooms, with all requisite conveniences, a garden 20 feet square in front, and an ample "green" behind—the cost ranging from £130 to £250. The scheme is simple, and the benefits are within the reach of all. A young man gets married and he wishes a house which may also be made a home. He has £5 to spare and he selects No. — Reid Terrace, which costs £130. By arrangement with the company, an investment society advances the balance of £125, and by an annual payment of £13 the purchaser becomes the actual owner of his house at the end of fourteen years. This payment is about £2 more than the mere rent of some badly-situated hotel; and if the purchaser has ten shillings in the company, the dividends more than make up the difference, so that he actually buys his house by paying an ordinary rent, and exercising a little prudence. Four hundred families have in this way been amply provided for in Edinburgh—aided by the working men themselves, who, strong in the soundness of their cause, and encouraged by the enlightened sympathy of a few, have successfully overcome the difficulties which stood in the way of their untried and beneficent enterprise.

Approaching the Co-operative Buildings, George Park, we see on the left, Reid Terrace—named, as Dr. Begg, who had for years urged the laboring classes to be their own helpers, attests, in compliment to Mr. H. G. Reid, who "had been a main-spring of the whole movement;" on the right Hugh Miller Place—a memorial of one whose life of manly industry is an element to the collective example which has led to the establishment of this, and many other self-aiding agencies; at the end, Hugh Miller Cottage—the property of Mr. James Colville, manager of the company, "where tact and energy," says a writer in the *Forerunner*, "backed by a singularly able directorate, have contributed so largely to the success of the movement;" and beyond (showing the mode of approach to the upper story) the back of Ratcliff Place—named in honour of the first chairman. Every house has its history—every street its significant associations. Let British workmen look on this picture and take instruction and encouragement. Companions on the Edinburgh model have been formed in London and elsewhere. The house accommodation in many English towns is lamentably deficient in all that pertains to domestic happiness and moral purity. What has been done in one place may be done in another; the principle involved is of universal application; and we trust that working men everywhere will be stimulated to action by this noble example of economy, sobriety, and united effort.



From "Clever Dogs, Hares, &c."

THE LAME DOG AND SYMPATHISING RAVEN.

SOME years ago, a traveller, when driving into the yard at Hungerford, had the misfortune to run over the large yard-dog, and seriously injured the poor animal's leg. The injured limb was speedily and carefully examined, and bound up.

During the operation, a fine raven stood by, silently looking on. As the dog could not be kept still, it was deemed necessary to fasten him by a rope under the manger in the stable. Whilst thus a prisoner, the raven visited him, and actually

carried him home, and attended him with the diligence of a faithful nurse! One night, when the raven had been shut out of the stable, it actually pecked a good-sized hole through the door, with the determination to gain admission to its four-legged no-bed friend! What lessons of practical sympathy are often taught us by the dumb creation!

NOTICES.

WILL BE READY ON THE 25th OF NOVEMBER.

- 67 The Yearly Part of the "Band of Hope Bazaar" for 1868. Price in Colours, 1s.; cloth, gilt edges, 2s. 6d.
- 68 The Yearly Part of the "British Workman" for 1868. Price in Colours, 1s. 6d.; cloth, gilt edges, 2s. 6d.
- 69 The Value of the "Children's Friend" for 1868. Price in Colours, 1s. 6d.; cloth, 2s., and 2s. 6d.
- 70 The Value of the "Infant's Magazine" for 1868. Price in Colours, 1s. 6d.; cloth, 2s., and 2s. 6d.
- 71 The Value of the "Family Friend" for 1868. In large type. [It keeps that name of our friends will present copies to Chaplains of Hospitals, Workhouses, &c., for the use of the patients.] Price, printed in Colours, 1s. 6d.; cloth, 2s., and 2s. 6d.
- 72 The Value of the "Reverend's Magazine" for 1868. Cloth, 1s. 6d.; gilt edges, 2s. 6d.

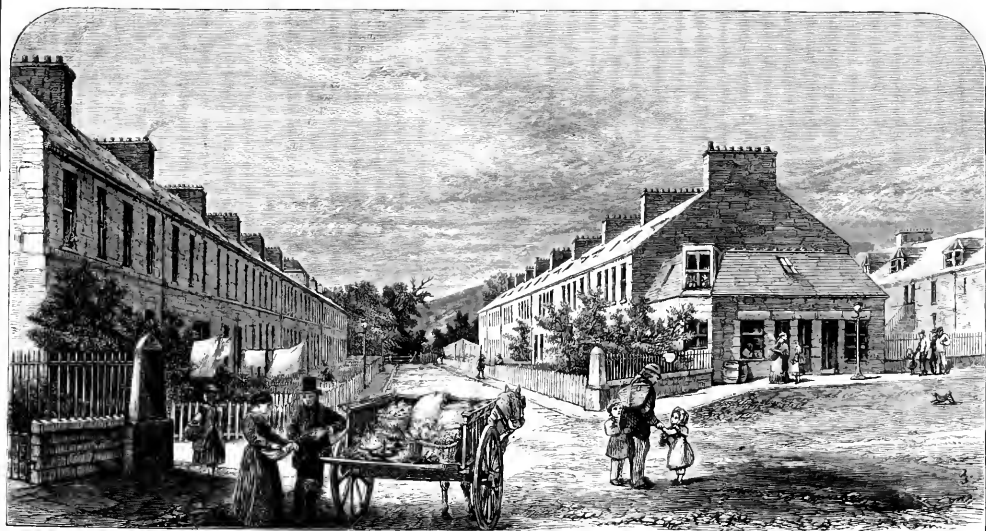
CHRISTMAS BOOKS.

- 73 "Clever Dogs, Hares, &c." With Illustrations after Sir E. Landseer, from Buckton. Harrison Ware, 4s.
- 74 Shirley Hubbard. Cloth, 6s.; gilt, 7s. 6d.
- 75 Jack the Congress. By the Author of "Dick and his Dog." With 12 Coloured Illustrations by Easton. Cloth, 6s.; gilt edges, 7s. 6d.
- 76 My Mother, My Aunt, My Sister, A Series of Twelve Old Stories repeated to illustrate the popular Ancient Rhymes. The names are set up in elegant Binders. Cloth, gilt edges, Malacca on sale, 5s.
- 77 Tarts and Flowers, Unillustrated. A series of Twelve Coloured Illustrations of the Princess, Ancestress, Beauties, Lily, Rose-Kiss, Widdow, Tulip, Tanager, Jewell, Thistle, Cuckoo, &c. Cloth, gilt edges, 6s.
- 78 One Hundred Years. By Mary Howitt. With Original Illustrations, by Harrison Ware. Cloth, 5s.; gilt edges, 7s. 6d.

ALMANACS FOR 1869.

- 79 The "British Workman" Almanac for 1869. With large Engraving by John Gilbert. One Penny.
- 80 The "Band of Hope" Almanac for 1869. Illustrated. One Penny. Suitable for Schools, &c.
- 81 The Annual Friend Almanac for 1869. Illustrated. One Penny. For walls of Stables, &c.
- 82 "Everyone's Almanac" for 1869. Illustrated. Sixteen Pages, Quarto. Free One Penny.

The Publishers will forward a note containing four copies of the British Workman to any part of the United Kingdom, Channel Islands, the Coast and in all other parts of the world, upon receipt of the following order:—
All orders (accompanied with remittance) to be addressed to S. W. PARTRIDGE & Co., No. 9, Paternoster Row, London, E.C.



Reid Terrace.

WORKMEN'S CO-OPERATIVE DWELLINGS, EDINBURGH.

Hugh Miller Place.

Back of Ratcliff Place.

From a Photograph by Ross and Prosser, of Edinburgh.



THE LAST CUSTOMER, A STORY FOR CHRISTMAS EVE.

H.M.S. "BRISK."

The *New Zealand Herald*, of the 22nd of June last, gives a most interesting narrative of two very unusual meetings held in Auckland, this summer. The first was a *safer* in Newton Hall, to which the members of the Auckland Temperance Society invited the men of H.M.S. "Brisk." The second was that held by the total abstinents of the man-of-war "Brisk," who invited the members of the Auckland Temperance Society in return. Nearly 500 guests sat down to tea, in the Parnell Hall. The chaplain of the "Brisk" presided at the interesting meeting held after the ample repast. The proceedings commenced by singing a hymn, after which the Rev. Mr. Edger engaged in prayer. Addresses were then delivered by the chaplain and by various friends.

These meetings were held shortly before the "Brisk" left the New Zealand station for England.

It appears that many of the men on board the "Brisk" have adopted Temperance principles, and by their general good conduct in Auckland, the crew gained for their ship "a good name." The *New Zealand Herald* states: "There were few of the seamen of the 'Brisk' whose faces were not familiar to the inhabitants, and their orderly conduct won for them very general esteem." Excellent!

The members of the Auckland Band of Hope Union sincerely take a great interest in the sailors, seeking to promote the welfare of "Jack," when ashore. The efforts of this Union were signally successful amongst the crew of the "Brisk." Sailors are very grateful for kindness, and the temperance men, on board the "Brisk," gave proof of this.

Just before the ship sailed, the twenty-two total abstinents (the number was increased to thirty before the ship left), went to Mr. Crombie's studio, in Queen Street, desiring him to take their photographs. These, remarkably well done, were formed into a shield, and surrounded by a beautiful and massive gilt frame. The centre portrait is that of the *gunner*;

either side are the portraits of the schoolmaster and steward; the men and the natives surrounding them. The "Keepsake" the men left for Mr. Leroy, the President of the Auckland Band of Hope Union, as their thank-offering for his kindness shown to them during their visit. The letter, which accompanied the present, will be found on page 191. It is a most interesting document, and does credit to the men who penned it. We trust that the members of the "Brisk" Band of Hope will be happily preserved from the snare which will, alas, too soon beset their steps when they land in Old England. May their good example soon spread to other crews!

"DON'T BE LAUGHED OUT OF YOUR MONEY OR YOUR PRAYERS."

The late Admiral Colquhoun, who rose to that high station as the effect of his meritorious exertions, used to be fond of relating, that on first leaving an humble lodging to join his ship, as a midshipman, his kindly landlord presented him with a Bible and a guinea, saying, "God bless you, and prosper you, my lad; and as long as you live, never forget to be thankful for it."

The young sailor carefully followed this advice through life, and had reason to rejoice that he did so; while thousands have unavailingly regretted that they have pursued a different course.

A BLIND SAILOR.

A few years ago, a meeting was held at Liverpool for the establishment of a society to supply sailors with Bibles. An active agent of the society having moved the first resolution, and as he saw so many sailors around him, he should not ask any one to second his motion, but leave it to some of the sailors.

There was a delightful silence for some moments; but a poor, old, blind sailor, at the far end of the place, rose, and in a hoarse voice, said, "Sir, there is not an individual present who has greater reason to second this resolution than the person who now addresses you. Before I had arrived at twenty years of age, I led the van in every species of vice and immorality. Our ship was ordered to the coast of Guinea; a violent storm came on, the vivid lightning flashed around, and I lost my eyes; from that time to the present I have not beheld the light of day—but, sir, though I was deprived of sight, I was not deprived of sin. I was very fond of having books read to me, but, alas, only bad books. At length a Scotchman came to my home, and said, 'I know you are fond of having books read, will you hear me read?' I said I had no objection; he read the book to me. I felt interested; and, at the end of his reading, I said, 'Tell me what book you have read?' 'Never mind,' said he, 'I will come again, and read more'; and he came again, and again, and again. At last tears gushed out from my blind eyes, and I earnestly exclaimed, 'Oh, sir, what book is this?' He said, 'This book is the Bible!' From that time, though blind, I see; I can now discern the way of salvation by a crucified Saviour from that time to this I have been enabled to follow my Lord; and I second this resolution, knowing the advantages of circulating the sacred volume." Subsequently to this, the poor old man obtained a few shillings a week, which he divided in various portions, to different religious societies; and gave sixpence a week to a little boy, to read him the sacred Scriptures, and to lend him from books he had given of others.

DARE TO BE SINGULAR.

To be singular in anything that is good, worthy, and excellent, is not a disparagement, but a praise; every man should choose to be thus singular. To act otherwise, is just as if a man, upon great deliberation, should rather choose to be a man of straw, than to be carried into the harbour any other way, than in a great ship of many hundred tons.—*Tidston.*



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(Engraved from a beautiful photograph by Mr. London, Queen Street, Auckland, New Zealand.)

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BEFORE the mission to the islands of the South Seas had proved successful, an English seaman, on board a trading vessel, called at Otaheite, and, through the blessing of God upon the efforts of the missionaries, was there called to the knowledge of the truth. Afterwards he was removed to a man-of-war, and became the happy

instrument, by his example and conversation, of bringing thirteen of his companions to a sense of their lost state and their need of salvation by Jesus Christ.—*From Arrian's Anecdotes.*

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